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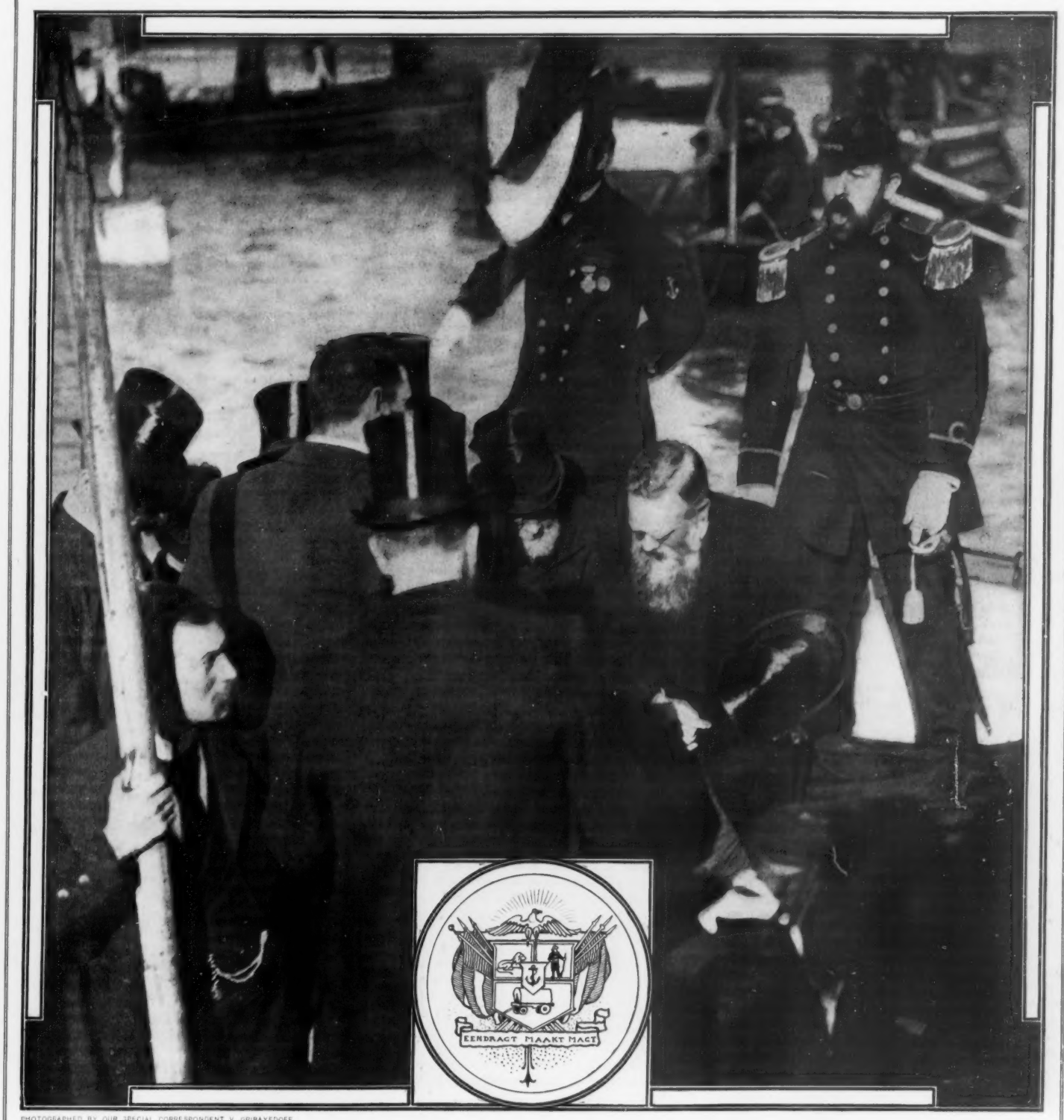

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT V. GRIBAYEDOFF

KRUGER'S ARRIVAL IN FRANCE

PRESIDENT KRUGER, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC, WITH MR. FISCHER, APPROACHING THE SHORE AT MARSEILLES IN THE GIG FROM THE DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR "GELDERLAND," NOVEMBER 22

COLLIER'S WEEKLY
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KRUGER'S MISSION TO EUROPE

WE DO NOT envy the man who can follow without sympathy the gallant but desperate attempt of President Krüger to secure the mediation of European governments between England and the Boer republics, which are threatened with the total loss of their liberties. Seldom has a more impressive spectacle been witnessed than the enthusiasm with which Mr. Krüger was welcomed in France, though even there the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry felt itself constrained by international complications to forego, or at least to postpone, any overt interposition on his behalf. There is even less chance, we fear, of inducing the German Emperor to intervene, while the Czar's serious illness renders any movement on the part of the Russian Government impracticable. It is not impossible, however, that, as time goes on, and the difficulty and the cost of a complete conquest of the Boer republics are more distinctly recognized, Lord Salisbury himself may be disposed to recall his "unconditional surrender" proclamation, and grant more generous terms. President Krüger no longer asks for absolute independence or even for a restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*. The utmost that he now hopes for is that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State may be permitted to enjoy the privileges of local home rule conceded to England's self-governing colonies. He no longer expects to exclude the Outlanders from the franchise. All he asks is that the Boers shall not be excluded either. There is nothing absurd in such a request. Just such a concession did England make to the French-speaking Canadians after the suppression of Papineau's rebellion, and she has never had cause to repent it. Had she, on the other hand, deprived the French-Canadian rebels of all political rights, they and their descendants would have constituted an open sore on the British body politic.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

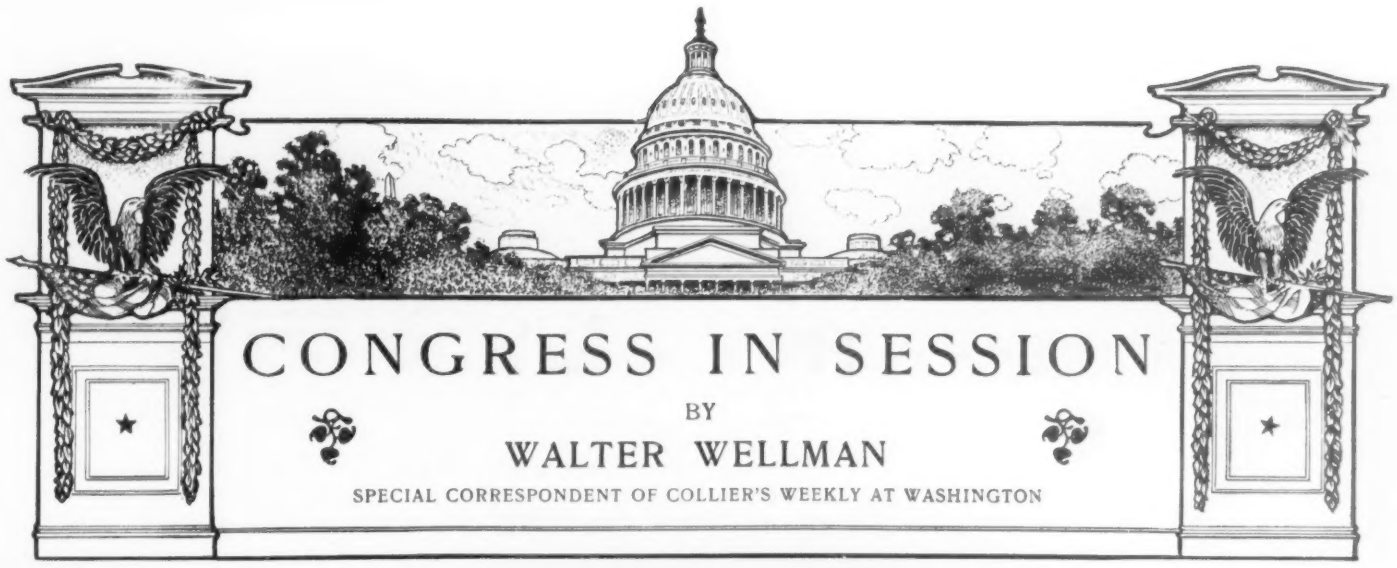
MR. McKINLEY'S fourth annual message is a document of remarkable interest, because, owing to his reelection, it must necessarily be regarded as outlining the policy of the Federal Administration for four years to come. It is characterized by a degree of caution and moderation, which even by his opponents must be admitted to be exemplary, when we consider that it emanates from a President who has just been triumphantly elected to a second term. The studious sobriety of its tone recalls the remark alleged to have been made by Mr. McKinley just before the recent battle at the ballot-box. "We must," he said, "reverently await the decision of the people." That, unquestionably, is the spirit which, according to the best American traditions, ought to animate a Chief Magistrate, and the exhibition of it is refreshing, when contrasted with the temper evinced by Mr. Cleveland in the Hawaiian affair. We note, for instance, that, while the President points out that a considerable army will be needed for some years to come in order to restore order in the Philippines, and to protect Hawaii and Porto Rico, Congress will be only asked to authorize an elastic increase, of which the maximum will not exceed 100,000, while the minimum will be but 52,000. Mr. McKinley also announces that the condition of the Treasury will justify the removal of some of the fiscal burdens imposed by the war with Spain, and it is generally believed that the reduction will not fall short of $30,000,000, while it may transcend that amount materially. Even with regard to trusts, which some of the Republican orators defended during the recent campaign, while others went so far as to deny that any such things existed, we are told that the President will urge Congress to discriminate between such combinations as are useful and such as are injurious. It is also noteworthy that the message reasserts and emphasizes the pledge heretofore given by the Executive to oppose all schemes of territorial conquest in China, and warns the other treaty powers that, whatever arrangement may be ultimately agreed upon by them, the United States, at all events, will insist upon the maintenance of the "open door" in the Far East. As to the Philippines, the President, relying on the verdict given by the American people on the issue of Imperialism, will announce an intention to hold these islands as a part of the national domain, and a conviction that they ought to be governed on lines similar to those laid down for Porto Rico. Mr. McKinley does not profess to think that the time is ripe for the erection of a stable form of civil government in the Philippines, but he thinks that measures to that end should be taken, and, consequently, he asks Congress to pass a bill giving him authority to provide a provisional insular administration. The Cubans, who are now watching the proceedings of their Constitutional Convention, will read with intense gratification the reaffirmance of the promise that the island shall soon be turned over to its native inhabitants, who, as Mr. McKinely admits, are fast learning the lessons of self-government. In fine, we are of the opinion that, could the text of this message have been circulated during the canvass, with a positive assurance of its authenticity, it would have proved a campaign document of singular utility to the Republican nominee.

THE CHINESE SITUATION

IT LOOKS as if our government would practically dictate the terms of settlement upon which the treaty powers and China's plenipotentiaries will ultimately agree. This is a signal triumph for our State Department, and that it is deserved will be evident when we note the points as to which Secretary Hay has insisted upon modifications of the programme provisionally adopted by the foreign Ministers at Pekin. The Ministers had demanded the immediate execution of eleven Princes and high officials, regardless of the fact that, of the incriminated persons, one, Prince Tuan, is the father of the heir apparent, while another, General Tung Fuh Tsiang, is the commander of the troops in whose custody and under whose control the nominal Emperor, Kwang-Su, and the actual head of the Chinese Government, the Empress Regent, now are. Such a demand is obviously lacking in common-sense, and exposes those who would press it to the suspicion that they secretly desire to retard, instead of hastening, the definite restoration of order in the Middle Kingdom. This punitive clause in the protocol arranged at Pekin has not met with the approval of our State Department, which, on the contrary, declines to impose exactions on the imperial authorities with which they are plainly unable to comply. According to the well-informed Pekin correspondent of the London "Times," the Russian Minister, M. de Giers, who originally signed the protocol, has been instructed by the St. Petersburg Foreign Office to retract his assent to the punitive clause in its present form, and also to the clause regarding the pecuniary indemnity to be paid by China. If the outline of the protocol, which has been published, is correct, the Ministers did not officially compute the aggregate amount of the indemnity, but they propounded a principle, the application of which threatens to lay upon the Middle Kingdom a fiscal burden which, under existing circumstances, it could not bear. They assert that China must not only reimburse the treaty powers for expenditures incurred and indignities suffered, but that pecuniary reparation must also be made to corporations and individuals, including those Chinese who have lost their lives or their property because they were in the employ of foreigners. According to telegrams from Pekin and Shanghai, it is estimated that the total indemnity, which should meet all these requirements, would not fall short of $600,000,000. It is out of the question for China to borrow such a sum under the present fiscal conditions. Indeed, Sir Robert Hart, who has been for many years the director of the collection of customs duties at the treaty ports, has lately announced that the receipts from customs have fallen off so seriously during the last six months that it is doubtful whether they will suffice this year to provide even for the interest and sinking fund called for by China's existing foreign debt. The interest and sinking fund required for an additional debt of $600,000,000 could not possibly be secured, unless the collection of all taxes payable in China, internal as well as external, were delegated to foreigners. To such a renunciation of revenue-raising power the mandarins would never submit, for it would be tantamount to the destruction of China's administrative structure, the very thing which not only the United States, but all of the treaty powers, have pledged themselves to avoid. In still another particular our State Department has evinced more foresight than the Ministers at Pekin have collectively exhibited. Not only are the demands formulated by the latter unreasonable in some respects, but they were to be presented in the form of an ultimatum. That is to say, unless the demands were forthwith granted, the Chinese imperial court would have to face the perils of war against all the treaty powers combined. Our government has declined to take part in an ultimatum of the kind, but, on the contrary, holds that the proposals finally agreed upon by the treaty powers shall be made the subject of discussion with China's plenipotentiaries.

THE PROPOSED RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DEMOCRACY

ALTHOUGH several proposals for a reorganization of the Democratic party, upon lines similar to those followed before 1896, have been made by so-called Gold Democrats, who opposed Mr. Bryan's candidacy last November, they have had, as yet, no practical result. As Mr. Bryan's friends and supporters constitute a great majority of the present Democratic National Committee, they cannot be prevented from controlling the machinery of the party until they are superseded in 1904 by the next Democratic National Convention. Whether they will be superseded depends upon the answer to the question whether a majority of the next national convention can be commanded by Democrats who, although they voted for the party nominee in 1900, are disposed to substitute another candidate four years hence, and, also, to modify in some material particulars the platform framed at Kansas City. Should the platform remain unaltered, Mr. Bryan will probably receive a nomination for the third time, if he desires it. Will he desire it? He is far too intelligent a man not to recognize that to be beaten at three successive elections would be fatal to his prospect of attaining the Presidency, if not to his political influence. Justly or unjustly, he would come to be looked upon as the Jonah of his party. It was partly the apprehension of such a mischance, and partly a recognition of the fact that conditions were temporarily unfavorable, which led Henry Clay, who had been defeated in 1832, to decline a nomination in 1836. Four years later, he believed, and with good reason, that the National Republicans, or Whigs, would triumph. He then earnestly wished to be a candidate, and it would have been well for his party had it yielded to his wishes. In 1844, when he was nominated, he would have been elected, had not the perverse opposition of certain Free Soilers cost him the electoral votes of New York. Our opinion is that Mr. Bryan's determination to be or not to be a candidate in 1904 will depend upon the industrial and financial situation of the country at the time. Should the industrial crisis, which is predicted for 1903, be deferred until 1905; that is to say, should the present period of prosperity be continued for four or five years longer, it would be unwise for Mr. Bryan to run, and he would probably allow some other Democrat to face the risks of defeat. If he can have his way, however, it will be a Democrat drawn from the ranks of his friends, and not from those of his enemies, for Mr. Bryan will not wish to see the party machinery slip into hostile hands. On the other hand, should we find ourselves in 1904 afflicted with the industrial prostration and financial depression, by which we were visited in 1893-5, Mr. Bryan will probably consider the outlook propitious for a reassertion of the Kansas City programme, and for his own renomination. The very same voters, who last November credited the McKinley Administration with the national prosperity, would then, if with less reason, impute to it the nation's adversity. Under such circumstances, the Democracy would be almost certain to elect its candidate, provided the candidate were Mr. Bryan, or had his cordial support. Should Mr. Bryan be thrust aside against his will, and, consequently, be willing to accept a nomination from the Populists, he would so split the opposition vote as to render the success of the Republican candidate almost certain. Then, doubtless, we should hear Mr. Bryan praised by the same Republican organs which reviled him during the late canvass. We repeat that whether the Democratic national platform shall be modified and whether Mr. Bryan shall be nominated for a third time will depend mainly on the decision reached by Mr. Bryan himself, which, again, will be affected by the industrial and financial conditions which prevail in the spring of 1904. For the present, at all events, Mr. Bryan himself seems not to think that the Kansas City platform needs any modification. This seems a fair inference from his article in the "North American Review." He attributes his defeat chiefly to the comparison instituted by the voters between the present prosperous conditions and those of 1893. Tolerably contented now, they dreaded a change. Mr. Bryan denies that the recent election was decisive of the money question; apparently for the reason that, in his opinion, it did not figure conspicuously in the canvass. He would deem it more reasonable to regard the late contest at the ballot-box as conclusive upon the question of Imperialism, or upon the Trust question, because those issues were most discussed at party meetings. As a matter of fact, however, he will not admit that an election is, necessarily, conclusive upon any question. From a somewhat careful perusal of Mr. Bryan's contribution to the "Review," we find ourselves unable to say whether he is inflexibly resolved to inject the Silver issue into the next national platform of the Democratic party, as he unquestionably did, by dint of personal influence, into that framed at Kansas City. We venture to predict, however, that he will do nothing of the kind, should the present prosperity continue to prevail in the first half of 1904. Should the United States, on the other hand, be then in the throes of an industrial convulsion, it may be that the despondent voters would look with favor on the silver nostrum. Any port in a storm.



CONGRESS IN SESSION

BY

WALTER WELLMAN

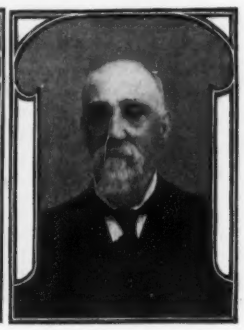
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT WASHINGTON

AS MR. CLEVELAND would say, we "have Congress on our hands again." Washington is never so happy as when the national legislators are here and meeting daily in the great white Capitol on the hill. Not that Congress is such a thrilling thing; for it isn't. Usually it is a very dull show, one which true Washingtonians give a wide berth. Aside from occasional gala days—big set speeches, sharp personal colloquies or votes upon important measures—the two heavy and ponderous bodies plod along their procrastinating and prosy way. But Congress is the life of the town, just the same. It brings hither many bright and famous men and women—Senators, Representatives, Capitol employees, secretaries, clerks, lobbyists, speculators, "legislative agents," newspaper men, the idle rich seeking new sensations, and harmless but wholly transient observers. Congress is here, and therefore the hotels and boarding-houses are full. The avenues are thronged. Legislation and politics are in the air. Society is freshening up for the approaching winter campaign. Personal gossip goes the rounds. Scandal is whispered. Schemes are afoot. Beautiful women abound. The great American capital is itself again.

WALTER WELLMAN

As yet not much has been done. Though this is the same old Congress, fully organized, with but few new faces in it, and all hands thoroughly aware of what is expected of them, there's a traditional and irresistible leisureliness in the atmosphere of the Potomac. Our statesmen are for the most part adherents to Mark Twain's doctrine, "Never do to-day that which can be put off till the day after to-morrow." So far their activities have been chiefly confined to the making of a few speeches and a great deal of talk about what they are going to do after the holidays.

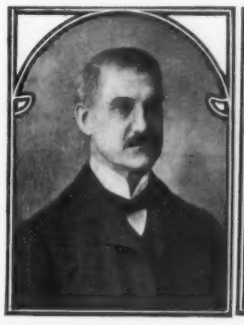
W. R. WARNOCK, OHIO



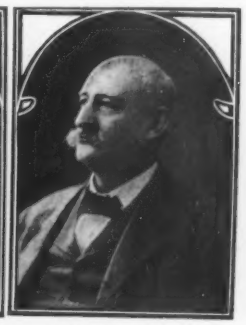
J. W. CASSINGHAM, OHIO

And what are they going to do? That is what the whole country wants to know—for the country somehow does not agree with Washington and looks upon Congress as a tremendous affair. One thing we may be sure of—it's not going to do half it thinks it is. Congress never does. That would be wholly unprofessional and quite unprecedented. 'Tis so much easier to make speeches and waste time than to pass bills; and it should not be forgotten that this Congress dies by the fortunate provisions of the statute of limitations at noon, March 4 next. But there is a legislative programme, and it is worth while to inquire what that programme is that we may hereafter compare performance with promise; and the programme is:

1. The regular appropriation bills. These must be passed, of course. It would never do to let the wheels of government stop turning for lack of lubricant. It's the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, that this Congress is appropriating money for, and the total sum to go out is something like seven hundred millions of dollars. Only a great big country can spend two millions a day and not groan about it. Incidentally to the regular appropriations is the River and Harbor Bill; that's not a regular item, but decidedly irregular. The statesmen vote that when they dare, and when they daren't they plume themselves on their virtue in not doing so. As a rule, we have a big river and harbor or "pork" bill just after every Presidential election, when no one is afraid and there are lots of political debts to be paid to contractors and the like. So we may confidently look for a thirty or forty million-dollar dive into the river and harbor "pork barrel" between now and March 4.



EMMETT TOMPKINS, OHIO

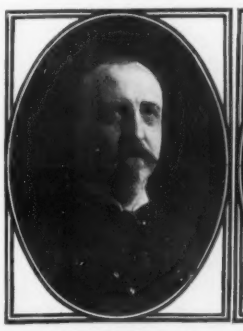


ROBERT NEVIN, OHIO

2. The army reorganization bill. That simply must go through. If it should fail an extra session of the new Congress would be necessary, and no one, apart from Washington hotel-keepers and tradesmen, wants that. In the absence of further legislation the army of the United States will drop to 31,500 men next July, and that wouldn't be enough to keep Aguinaldo out of Manila. But the army bill will not fail. It will pass substantially as the President and the Secretary of War want it. The Democrats will talk, but they have no notion of offering serious resistance. Anti-militarism was only a ghost before November 6; now it has faded away and has not substance enough to even cast a faint shadow over the Capitol.

3. The bill to reduce war taxes. There is no doubt of its passage, and the total reduction will be about thirty millions of dollars. Incidentally I may remark that the ease with which the United States raises six or seven hundred millions of revenue a year, without apparent effort and very little objection on the part of the dear taxpayer, is the marvel and the envy of all our diplomatic visitors from Europe. With them a large part of the science of government consists of devising means of getting enough money to run the machine without driving the people who pay it to the verge of desperation.

4. Reapportionment. The Republicans have practically agreed that they will not seek to punish the Southern States for their disfranchisement of the negro. If they keep this promise there should be little difficulty in getting a reapportionment bill through at this session. The representatives from some of the States which have not gained much in population during the last decade have formed a combination to insist upon a ratio that will leave every State at least as many representatives as it has at present. Should they be able to enforce their wishes the new House of Representatives will consist of something like 380 members against 357 at this time. Already the floor of the House is crowded with desks and chairs and it is almost impossible for the presiding officer to preserve order so that business may be carried on with reasonable facility. It is the belief of many leading men that if the House be enlarged as proposed it will be necessary to take out the desks and resort to the European method of providing legislators with mere benches. Most people have forgotten that in the old hall of the House, now used as a national sculpture gallery, only benches were placed for the use of members. Former Speaker Reed once told me he earnestly favored a return to that system, and expressed the opinion that the public business would be despatched more promptly and understandingly if the desks were taken out and the members were brought closer together. It is not imperative that the present Congress pass a reapportionment bill, and the whole matter may go over to the next Congress.



A. A. WILEY, ALABAMA

SYDNEY J. BOWIE, ALABAMA

5. The shipping subsidy bill. A vigorous effort is to be made to push it through both Houses before March 4. Since President McKinley warmly recommended it in his message those Republicans who favor it have taken heart and are preparing to clear the decks for action. Senator Hanna makes no concealment of the fact that he has his fighting clothes on as to this measure, and, as he says, he is prepared to shove aside any man that gets in his way. He also threatens to make trouble for any Republican who dares to stand out against him; and a threat of this sort from Mr. Hanna means something. He not only has the power to make his threat good, but by this time every one in Washington is convinced that he has the courage of a tiger-cat. Mr. Hanna expects to retire from public life at the end of his term, and he intends to have some fun while he stays here. A lively round between him and Senator Pettigrew is expected daily, and hope of witnessing it draws a good many visitors to the Senate galleries every afternoon. Mr. Hanna may be able to whip the Republicans into line as to the subsidy bill, but the Democrats are likely to give him a good deal of trouble. The simple truth about the matter is that the Democratic leaders want the Republicans to pass this measure, because they think the country will look upon it as a "job" and "steal," and because just such things as that, in their opinion, are needed to help the Democracy to get up and stand upon its feet again. But—and here one of the niceties of politics comes into play—the Democrats do not want the bill to pass at this session; the elections next fall are of comparatively small importance, and by the time the Congressional and State elections of 1902 come round the subsidy bill might be pretty well forgotten. For this reason the Democrats are preparing to "talk" the measure over to the new Congress—a thing very easy to do in the Senate where no previous question exists and where there is no way under heaven, short of murder or adjournment, to stop a man's time-killing speech. The Democrats also threaten to hold up the army bill if the Republicans persist in trying to pass the subsidy scheme, and as the army bill must go through in order to avoid an extra session Mr. Hanna, with all his power and combativeness, finds himself in a heap of trouble.

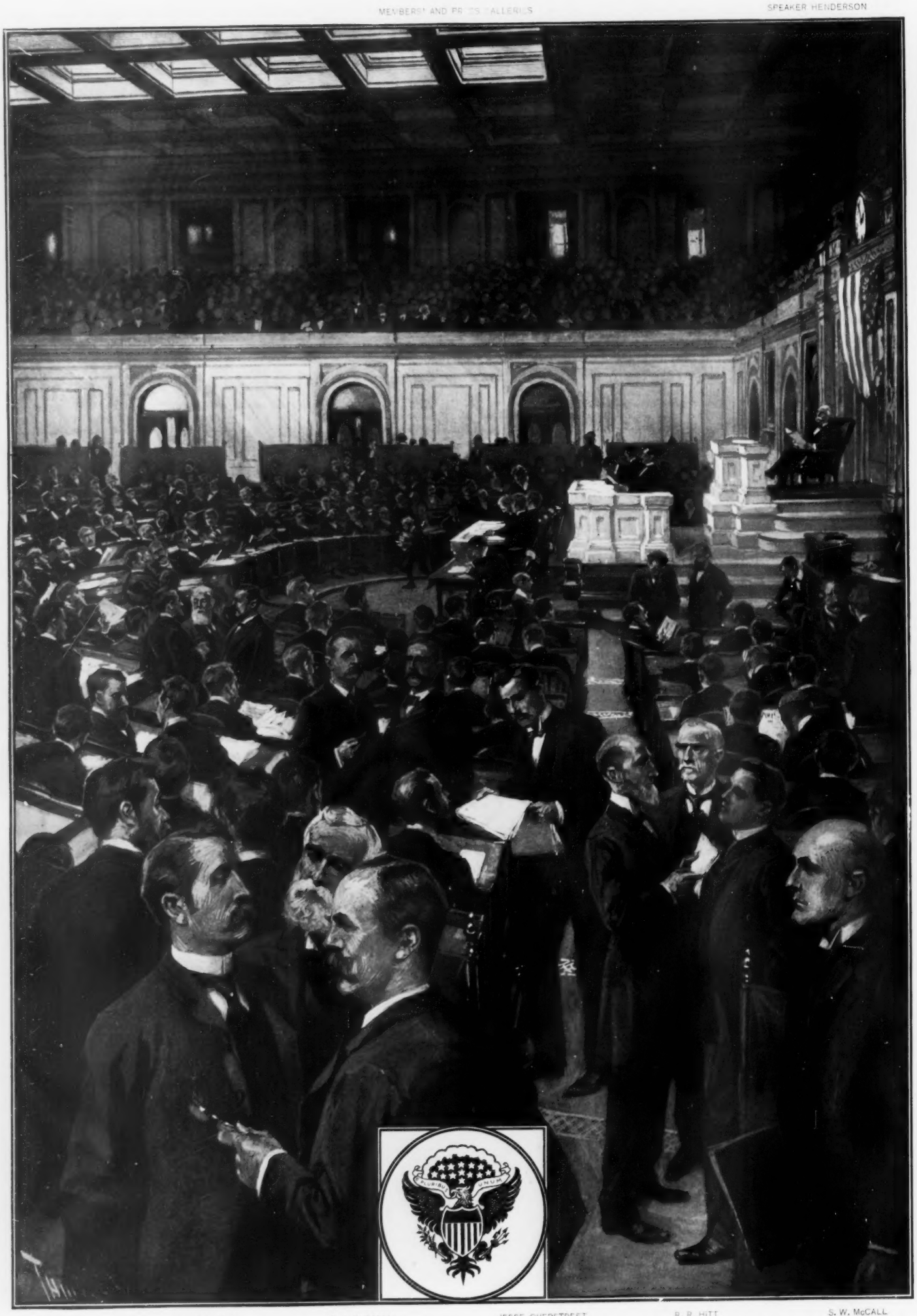
JOS. T. JOHNSON, S. CAROLINA

SOUTH TRIMBLE, KENTUCKY

6. The Nicaragua Canal and Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. These two measures, which are coupled in the legislative running books, carry the Administration colors. They are dearer to the Administration heart than anything else pending here this winter. President McKinley and his Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, have much at stake in them. If the treaty fails their management of the whole affair is virtually repudiated by the co-ordinate treaty-making power; and while the chief could endure this rebuff, as he has just had a remarkable vote of confidence from the people, Mr. Hay is in another plight entirely. The Secretary of State is a highminded and sensitive man. He is rich, has tastes for society and literature, and is able to gratify his every whim. It would not take much provocation to induce him to tell the old Senate to go hang while he retired from public life and proceeded to be his own master and enjoy himself in his own way. It is an open secret here that unless the treaty is ratified in a fairly reasonable condition—that is, without any destructive amendments—Mr. Hay will leave the Cabinet. Strange as it may seem, almost every one, Democrat as well as Republican, hopes nothing of the sort will happen; for Mr. Hay is not

MEMBERS' AND PRESS GALLERIES

SPEAKER HENDERSON



JOHN DALZELL C. A. RUSSELL SERENO E. PAYNE A. J. HOPKINS JESSE OVERSTREET R. R. HITT J. G. CANNON R. J. COUSINS S. W. McCALL

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

HENRY BURKE, PENNSYLVANIA A. L. BATES, PENNSYLVANIA

only personally popular but it is conceded right and left that he is a wonderfully able and effective administrator of our foreign affairs. His triumphs in the Chinese complication have won him praise from friend and foe alike. President McKinley is more earnestly for the treaty's ratification than for any other proposed action of Congress, and he is bringing all his tremendous influence upon Senators to bear in its behalf. His activities are not confined to the Senators of his own party; and when it comes to a struggle of this sort Mr. McKinley is by long odds the cleverest man we have had in the White House in our generation. It would not be fair to tell one-half the tales that are told illustrative of his remarkable quality as a managing President, and it will suffice to say that it has become one of the maxims of political life at this capital that when a Senator walks into the President's parlor the odds are twenty to one that he will have been completely hypnotized before he walks out again. A number of Democratic Senators who opposed the treaty before election are now willing to vote for it if their votes are needed; and the explanation of this is that the entire South and the Pacific Coast are so eager for construction of the canal that they are willing to take the Hay-Pauncefote or any other treaty in order to get it. The shrewdest observers we have here predict that the treaty will be ratified with wholly innocuous amendments and that as a sequence thereto the canal bill will be passed. So the prospects are decidedly good that the first year of the twentieth century will witness the throwing of the first shovel of dirt on the great undertaking by which the people of the United States propose to connect the two oceans through the isthmus of Darien.

This is the Congressional programme. Who made it? That is a natural but a leading question. In reply it is necessary to point out the three great forces which actually control legislation at the present time in the American parliament. These may be catalogued as follows:

1. The President of the United States.

2. A coterie of old Senators, chairmen of the principal committees, nearly all of them of the dominant party, but with one or two leaders of the opposition taken in as "silent partners."

3. The Speaker of the House and his immediate staff, consisting of four or five heads of leading committees and members of his committees on rules.

The relative importance and influence of the three forces is in the order given above; though to bring out the true values the one first named should be printed in capital letters, the second in modest italics, and the third in unobtrusive though not wholly negligible small-point Roman. There may be some surprise at this statement. Other notions prevail out in the provinces. Certainly our forefathers would be amazed at it. We have just been celebrating the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the government at what was then a marshy, scrubby stretch along the banks of the Potomac. Our forefathers were wise men in their day and generation; and so they placed their Capitol exactly a mile and a half from their "President's house," so that the intervening distance should make it difficult, if not impossible, for the Executive to exert undue influence upon the legislative department! It is not worth while to laugh at our forefathers. There were no telephones, telegraphs, automobiles, electric cars in their day, nor dreams of any. Our business is with the present; and in these days the second and third forces named in the foregoing list openly, habitually, almost proudly draw their inspiration from the first. When our ancestors laid out this beautiful capital city they made all roads lead to the Capitol; but they were not prophetic or they would have avoided that mistake and made all roads lead to the White House. That is what they do now; and the paths are well trodden. To-day it is true that nothing of importance has initiative, molding, dressing or completion in the halls of Congress unless it has been first considered, discussed and approved at the other end of the avenue whose mile-and-a-half stretch the good men of the past thought was going to be such a wholesome barrier. Centralization is the order of the day in this practical, business-like country of ours; and nowhere else is it so strikingly shown as in the way in which policies are framed and laws written and enacted at the seat of government. Our system of government by party has gradually enhanced the power of the man who stands at the head of the party and of the government at the same time. In the hands of a weak man this power would become diffused; in the hands of a man too strong, like Cleveland, it often fails because Americans will never long submit to force; but in the hands of a McKinley, who is both strong and adroit, masterful and selfish while seeming to be altruistic and benevolent, it becomes as near absolute as any one could care to have it.

Next to the President stands the Senatorial coterie. As the years roll by and the sparks fly upward this becomes more and more a government of the Senate, by the Senate and for the Senate; the men of the toga defer only to the Executive, and where his wishes or interests are not concerned they rule like tyrants. The popular branch is year by year losing its proper share of power and influence. It is going down hill. Of late it produces neither men nor policies of the first rank. Now and then emergencies raise exceptions, but it may be fairly said that the President rules the Senate and the Senate rules the House.

Not long ago things were different. When Carlisle was Speaker the House of Representatives was the House; the members did what they pleased and did it when they pleased. Then the lower branch was a full-sized member of the triumvirate which it was created to be. It kept its dignity and its power, and neither President nor Senate dared encroach upon it; the American commoners, the direct representatives of the people, guarded zealously their prerogatives and their independence.

Then came the Reed regime. Reed was a revolutionist. He turned the thing completely over. Under the old system the House had been slow, heavy, cumbersome, sometimes impotent in the immobility of its independence. Reed would change this; he would make it possible for the House to do business; to do business it needed new rules, all centring in a responsible head. Of course, he himself became that centre; and when he had finished his work had any one asked him who was the House of Representatives he could have echoed the words of the French monarch in the frank reply: "The House? C'est moi." He was the House to the very end; and, being the House, he became easily the second man of the government. This did not make him popular at the Executive Mansion; it did not make him popular with his own members. But it did give him power, it did enable him to say this should not be done or that should be done and have his way about it. Under Carlisle when we wanted to know what the House was going to do we had to ask the House; under Reed, we asked Reed.

But under the present regime we have neither one thing nor the other. Speaker Henderson is too amiable to be a Reed, and too much a disciple of Reed to let the House go back to its old method of governing itself. He has the Reed form without the Reed substance; he is afraid to make himself ruler and afraid to let the House be its own ruler. The result generally is that he draws his inspiration and the House its policies from the other end of the avenue, as we say in Washington; that is, from the President. Whether all this is good or bad it is not my business to say; I only point out what is. But it appears to work pretty well; and if the American people like organizations which are centralized,

R. H. FOERDERER, PENNSYLVANIA G. R. PATTERSON, PENNSYLVANIA

which leave no doubt as to where responsibility rests, they surely have it in the present inner form and consciousness of their government.

Within a few days a question of the highest importance is to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. It is the constitutional status of Porto Rico. Is that island a part of the United States, within the purview of the Constitution, or is it not? How important this question is may be

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judged by the fact that many of the most prominent Republicans here believe an affirmative decision by the Court will make it necessary for this country to find some way to give up the Philippines. When the Porto Rican tariff matter was before Congress last winter President McKinley and his Cabinet agreed that if it were to be held the Constitution extends of its own force to that island and to the Philippines then the latter must be surrendered and the whole colonial policy must fall to pieces. Probably the President is of the same mind still, though by this time he may have discerned the method by which the Philippines could be kept even in the face of an unfavorable decision of the Court. What is the difficulty about retaining the eastern archipelago as a constitutional part of the country? It is just this: The Constitution says all tariffs must be uniform throughout the United States; and in the Philippines there are seven or eight millions of laborers who can be induced to work for ten cents a day. If the Philippines be-

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come part of the United States it is believed important manufactures will be transplanted from this country to the Pacific islands; organized labor will be up in arms; the party that brought the Malays and Chinese into competition with home workmen on even terms will be thrown out of power at the next election. This is the fear which led to the President's reversal of attitude as to the Porto Rican tariff last winter. He wanted that question brought squarely before the Supreme Court, and did not care what the rate of tariff was so it raised the issue. He also wanted the workingmen of America convinced that Republican expansion did not mean competition with ten-cent labor. The President had his way; but for his influence the Porto Rican tariff bill could never have been passed through either branch of Congress. The President was forced to assume responsibility, and he did it, though no more publicly than was necessary.

For some unaccountable reason all the prominent Republicans in town, from the President down, have the fullest confidence that the Supreme Court will hold Porto Rico to be a territory of the United States subject to such regulations as Congress may see fit to provide, and not a part of the United States and not directly under the Constitution. No one suspects that the Republicans have private information as to the views of the Court—probably the Justices themselves do not as yet know their opinions. But the Republican confidence is still significant; and I find it is almost entirely based upon a belief that the Supreme Court will ever strain a point for and not against public policy. The Court has always tried to broaden the constitutional powers of the general government, not to narrow them. Hence the faith of the President and his advisers that the Court will not now deny to the republic one of the most important attributes of sovereignty—"declare that this nation was born deformed," as Senator Hawley puts it. The late Senator Davis, one of the best of constitutional lawyers, opposed the President as to the Porto Rican tariff last winter, but expressed to me this prediction as to the action of the Supreme Court on the Porto Rican case: "The Court will either hold that the Constitution does not extend of its own force to Porto Rico, or it will refuse to give a decision upon the ground that this is a purely political question with which it has nothing to do. And in either case," added Mr. Davis, "it will be right."

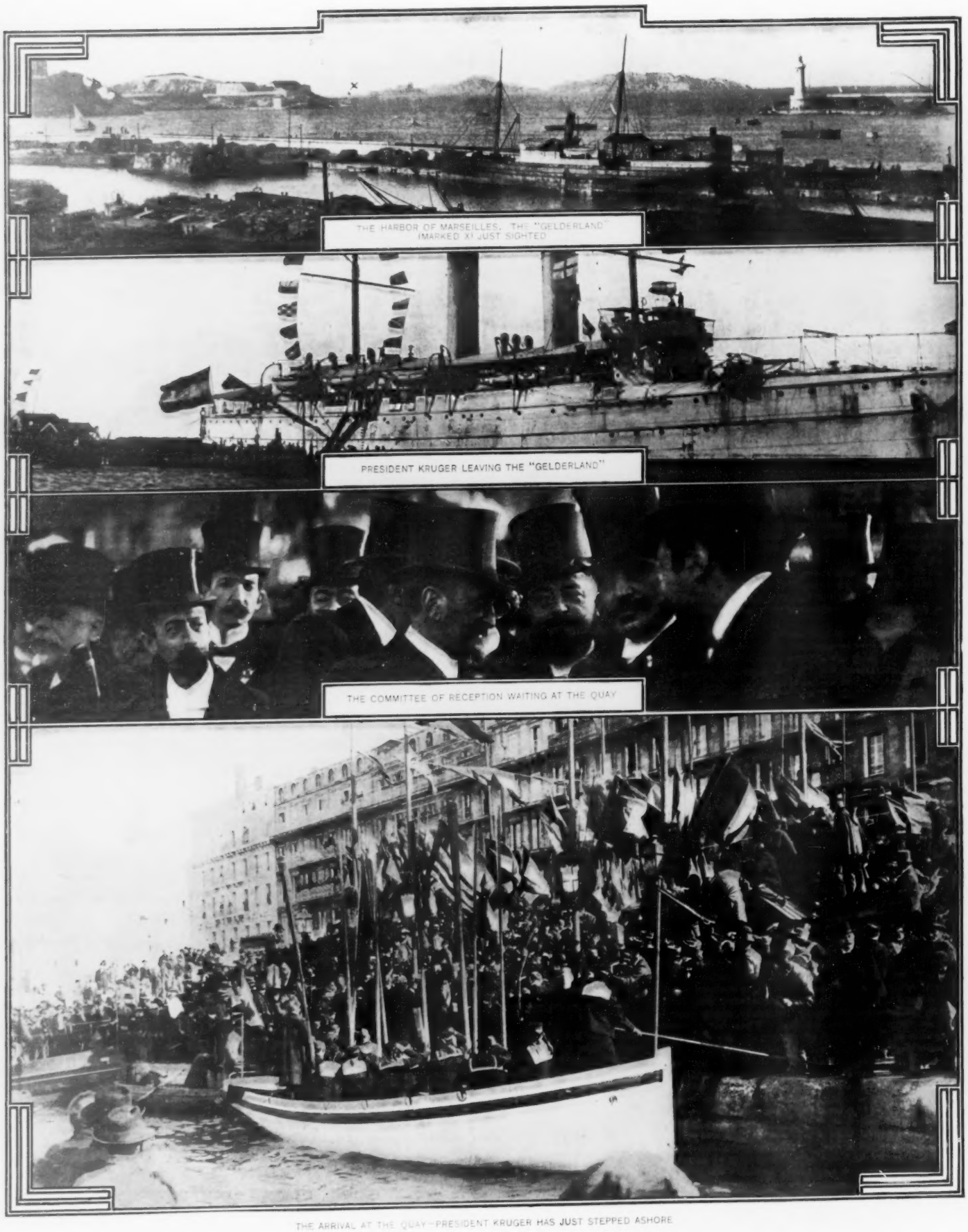
Judge Day, former Secretary of State and a member of the Paris Commission, told me the other day a neat little story of the way in which the expansion or acquisition idea grew in the minds of those eminent Americans who concluded the treaty which brought us title to the Philippines.

"During our early sessions at Paris," said Judge Day, "we had a little map of the Philippines about as big as a page of a dictionary. We did not know much about the islands, and some of us barely knew where they were. That map did not appear to be satisfactory and we hunted about Paris for another, and finally found one as large as the top of an ordinary desk. That gave us more information and our appreciation of the Philippines increased. Finally Admiral Bradford appeared before us with a map of the islands so large that it covered one whole side of the room; and the growth of those maps was typical of the development of the acquisition idea in the minds of the American members of the Peace Commission."

Ex-President Harrison has been among the many visitors to the Capitol during the opening week of the season. General Harrison was entertained at the Executive Mansion, but not in a way which involved any great amount of intimacy between the former President and the present occupant of the White House. It is well known here that the two men are not on terms of warm friendliness. They came near quarreling once. That was when Harrison was President and McKinley a member of Congress from Ohio. McKinley claimed Harrison had promised to appoint one of his kinsmen to a judgeship in the Buckeye State, but for some reason failed to do so. Sharp words passed between them. In the recent campaign the Republican managers tried for two months to get General Harrison to come out for the ticket; when he did speak it was with a sneer about the Porto Rican bill. Shortly after election his son Russell was discharged from the army, and his former private secretary, but now paymaster, Elijah Halford was sent off to the Philippines, where the climate is not expected to agree with him. These Presidents of ours are great and good men, but they are human.

Every President I have known became less personal in his relations with men, more the head of the State, as the years went by. Mr. McKinley, with all his fine manners and his warmth of affection for his friends, is no exception to the rule. Between the occupant of the White House and the chairman of the National Republican Committee it is never "William" and "Mark," as in the good old days, but the formal "Mr. President" and "Senator." Perhaps this is as it should be; with all our ardent friendships we should never forget our dignity.

Chou Chu, the young son of Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister, is almost an American boy. He attends the public schools in this city, and is noted for his rapid advancement in his studies and his popularity among his classmates, who call him "Chow-Chow" for short. The young Chinaman asks more questions than any other boy in his section at High School; he never permits anything to go by unless he understands it, and now and then his cross questioning of his teachers leads to some amusing results. "Chow-Chow" is a member of the High School Cadets, wears an American military uniform, marches under the American flag, and proudly says he is going to fight for this country if he ever gets a chance.



THE HARBOR OF MARSEILLES, THE "GELDERLAND" (MARKED X) JUST SIGHTED

PRESIDENT KRUGER LEAVING THE "GELDERLAND"

THE COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION WAITING AT THE QUAY

THE ARRIVAL AT THE QUAY—PRESIDENT KRUGER HAS JUST STEPPED ASHORE

FRANCE'S WELCOME TO KRUGER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

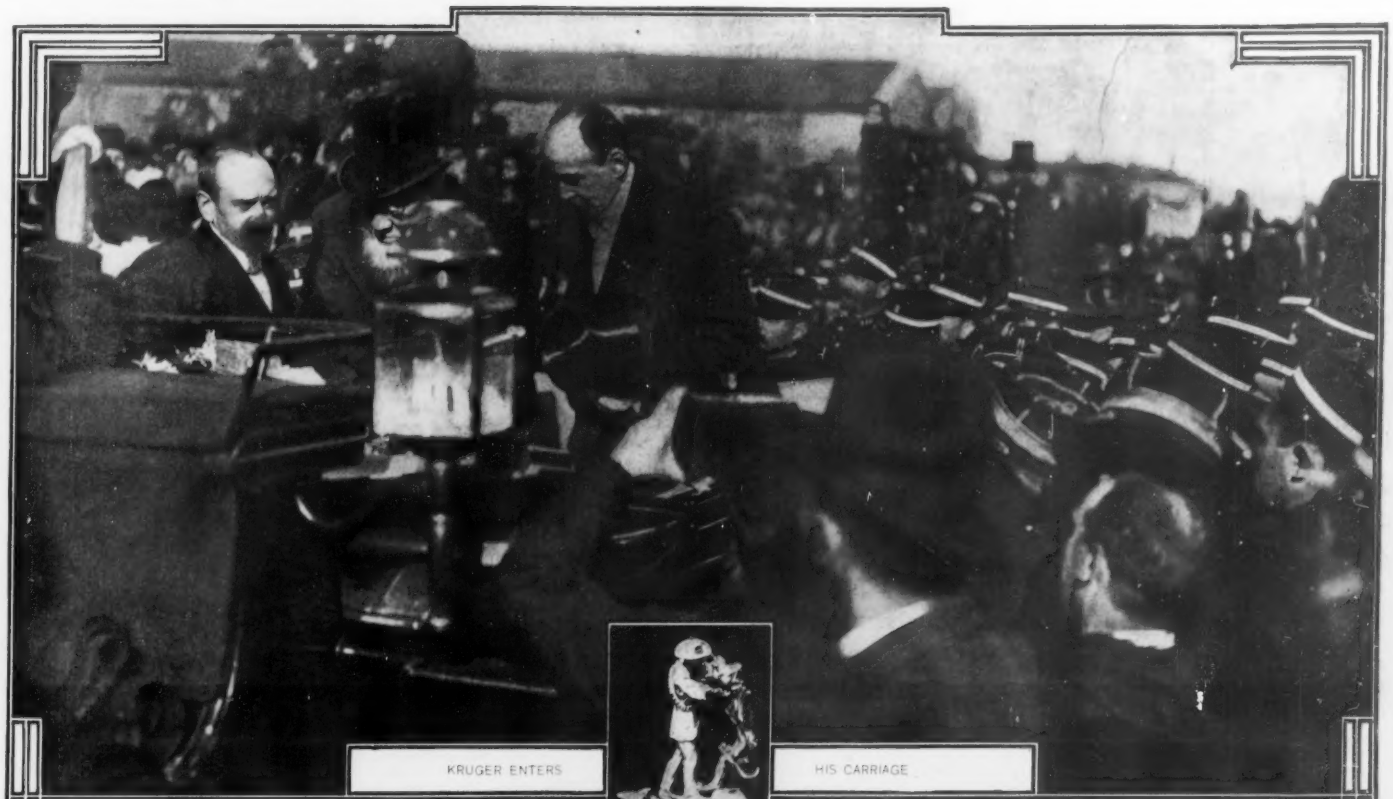
THE HEART of President Kruger, the Old Man Desolate, must have bounded within him on the Quai de la Joliette when the population of Marseilles in thousands, and scores of delegations from foreign countries, gave him welcome to Europe on the 22d of November.

As he stepped off the *Gelderland's* boat on to the quay I thought I saw in his curiously picturesque and rugged face a kind of sombre content. He looked very fatigued, very weary, an old man sore troubled, but his eyes lighted up for a while and flashed out of his heavy gold spectacles as he looked round at the crowd packed thick as far as one could see—a crowd whose frenzied welcome, sonorous and long continued, voiced the sympathy of all the world and bade the President still hope for his people. He was very dignified, this tall, ugly man in the old costume, the gray frock-coat and the hideous old pot-hat swathed in crape. As he set foot on French soil surrounded by the Transvaal dignitaries and the representatives of the municipalities of Marseilles and Paris, one could see in the faces of the people that they were deeply moved, touched to the heart by the pitiful tragedy of which this landing was only too probably one of the closing scenes.

Pity and grief gave way to an exuberant admiration, and even to hope, when the President, standing very erect and speaking out very energetically, pronounced the simple, noble words expressing his gratitude for that superb welcome, his belief in the final triumph of his cause and his people's determination to fight on to the bitter end. The President himself looked surprised at the tremendous roar of applause which went up from the crowd when his allocution was translated. One had the idea that he had come on a forlorn hope and was surprised to find sentiment so vigorously set in his favor.

Certainly seldom, if ever, did the Chief of a State almost *in extremis* receive so superb a reception from a foreign nation. A visitor from some distant planet alighting on the quay at that moment might reasonably have thought that the French people were celebrating the return of some great victorious general, a new Napoleon who had carried the French arms to victory in remote corners of the world. For the thing was not academic, the expression of a vague friendliness: it was a great outburst of intensely personal feeling.

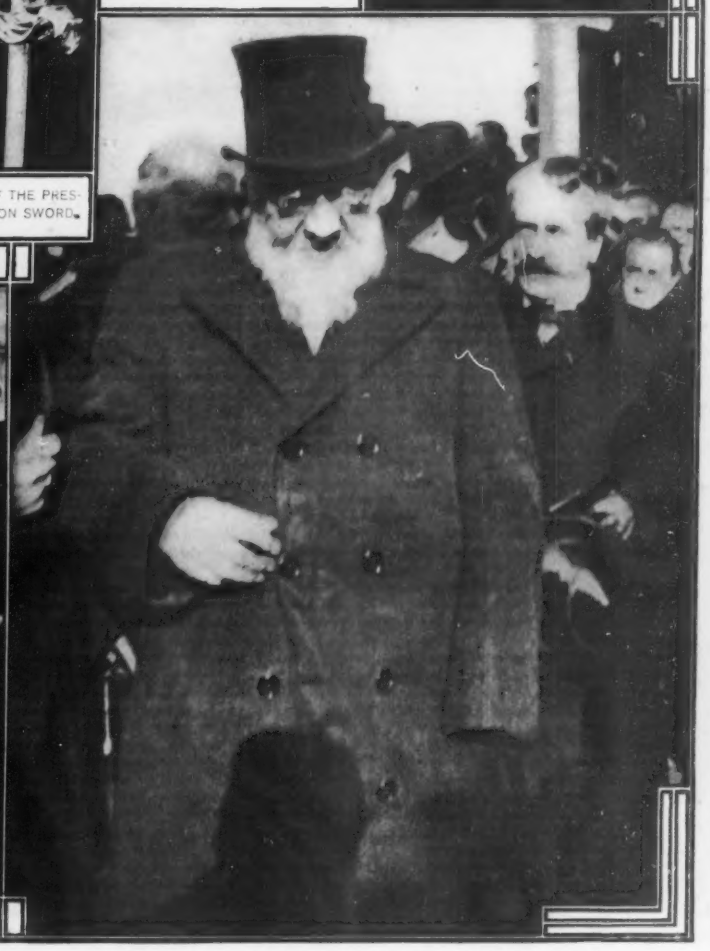
Circulating amid the crowd that for, twenty-four hours before the signalling of the *Gelderland*, was waiting with feverish excitement for the great moment, one heard from all classes expressions of a strong philo-Boerism which would have nerved the fighting men on the veldt and on the kopjes to new energy and even perhaps disturbed for a moment the complacency of Mr. Chamberlain. The populace of Marseilles, even the wild element which the local slang calls the "Nervi," voiced, in its *naif* outspoken way and in its less reticent procedures, only the same sentiments that were expressed in more philosophical phrasing and in dignified action by the best elements of society, the *bon bourgeois*, the municipal dignitary and the cultured *mondain*.



KRUGER ENTERS HIS CARRIAGE

HILT OF THE PRESENTATION SWORD.

CROWDS CHEERING KRUGER AS HIS CARRIAGE ENTERS THE CANNEBIERE



"HE WAS VERY DIGNIFIED, THIS TALL, UGLY MAN IN THE ODD COSTUME"

It was very remarkable, all the same, that even the roughest citizens of the old Greek city in their least restrained moments seemed to feel that the occasion demanded a certain elevation of conduct. With their admiration for the brave people fighting for Liberty—sacred name to a French mob—there was undoubtedly mingled a strong pre-existent hate for England. But I did not hear any cries directed against the ancient enemy anywhere on the streets or on the quay until those very undignified and "low-down" English gentlemen and ladies (including an English clergyman) made their balcony in the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix a rostrum from which to insult the President and to trouble the dignity and order of the proceedings.

There was, a cynic citizen remarked to me at the time, something peculiarly appropriate in the methods adopted by these English disturbers of the peace. It was a war for pelf that the British had been waging, and the representatives of the British on the hotel balcony scattered money among the crowd in the hope of breaking up the manifestations of respect for the shaggy old lion of the veldt. The story was circulated that an indignant Marseillais made the response direct to the English group by hurling a handful of gold up toward their balcony with the remark: "It is you that will need money, now that your country is on the road to ruin." I think the incident apocryphal: even in the ebullient region that produced Tartarin of Tarascon a man thinks twice before he flings gold pieces to the breeze. But the story was born of a quick popular perception, a sense of symbolism paying the English insult in its own coin.

The offenders of the hotel balcony did not make very adequate representatives of the majesty of England: hustled from their coign of vantage by the waiters, barricaded in their rooms during the passing of the Presidential cortège, sneaking finally out of the hotel by a back door and out of the city by the first train, they succeeded only in making themselves ridiculous and in adding some little éclat to the popular demonstration.

Long after the President, wearied with excitement, speech-hearing and speech-making, had retired to his traditional long, brooding smoke, the gaily decorated *cannebière* was thronged with manifestants. Over and over again they started in choir their "Vive Kruger; vive la Liberté" outside the hotel, and the old man had to lay down his pipe and show his colossal stooped figure on the balcony for a moment or two to bow his thanks. Marseilles had determined to make a day of it, and not even the fall of evening checked the enthusiasm. As I drove away through the lamplit streets to the station the *populo* was still marching and countermarching up the main thoroughfares singing the pro-Boer songs that have been with us these many months and gathering menacingly outside the hotel from which the English insult had been launched.

Whatever President Kruger may learn at the Elysée in a day or two as to the practical intentions of the French Government, he can be under no doubt as to the dispositions of the French people. And that the public opinion of Europe also is entirely with his nation must have been vividly impressed upon him as he received delegation after delegation presenting addresses in every language from Russian to the Gaelic of Ireland.

The old man had reason to feel content with the day when in the evening he smoked his last pipe with his granddaughter and his state councillors grouped round his chair.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

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"AN' I MAKE ANSWER DAT WE'LL ALL BE DEAD BY DAT TIME."

MISS PUSS'S PARASOL

BY

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Author of "Uncle Remus," Etc., Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERT LEVERING

ONE OF THE FORERUNNERS of Christmas and the holidays leading into the New Year, and a very welcome one too, is Aunt Minervy Ann. Sometimes she comes as early as October, and occasionally as late as the last of November. Then, after lingering for a day or two, she goes back to Halcyondale. She comes in through the front door, goes through the hallway to the back porch, and hangs her hat or bonnet on a nail near the refrigerator. Then, after looking in the kitchen to see if the cook is a new one, she comes back into the house. Praising the neatness of everything, she gets a broom and a dust-pan, and proceeds to find dirt and dust and cobwebs where no one else would ever look for them. Sometimes this pleases the lady of the house and sometimes it doesn't; but praise or blame are all one to Aunt Minervy Ann when she's in the house of her friends. Once when the lady of the house asked her somewhat sharply why she didn't come and take charge of the establishment, her reply was that if she lived in Atlanta, she'd be compelled to have money.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, somewhat indignantly. "And don't you suppose we are willing to pay you good wages?"

"I ain't s'posin' nothin' tall 'bout it, ma'am. What I know is dat I wouldn't take no wages fum you-all. I ain't never tuck none fum Marse Tumlin Perdue. De las' time I 'fused ter take um, he laugh an' say dat he b'lieve I wuz totin' off mo' dan my wages wuz wuff anyhow. When I look at 'im right hard fer ter see what he mean by dat kinder talk, he look back at me des as hard, an' say, 'I tell you de fact trufe, Minervy Ann, ef I wuz ter pay you de wages you done 'arned, I'd hatter sell my house an' lot, an' den you wouldn't be half paid,' but Marse Tumlin is allers a-projickin'."

The probability is, however, that Major Perdue meant every word he said. He belongs to and was brought up with an emotional generation—a generation which was not ashamed of its feelings, and which made no sort of effort to hide its loves, its hates, and the sentiments that are natural to a high-strung race. Aunt Minervy Ann was brought up in this atmosphere, and her nature responds like an echo to whatever is emotional.

This year, Aunt Minervy Ann's preparatory visit was made in the middle of October, the excuse for it being the State Fair, which was in progress about that time, though she admitted that she hadn't been inside the grounds and didn't expect to go, being afraid, as she said, of the "farrer dealers, an' de men what do trick-work wid de playin'-kyards." She had come in as usual, made a tour of inspection, and then returned to the sitting room. "Dey tells me," she remarked, "dat you-all been havin' great gwines-on up here."

"What do you mean?" she was asked.

"Well, I hear Miss Vallie readin' in de paper 'bout you bein' on de jury down dar at de jail; an' I see wid my own eyes dat you got a new cook. Ef all dat ain't nuff fer ter fret de Mistiss here, I dunner what is."

"Well," was the reply, "the jury I was on didn't have to go to jail—and the cook seems to be doing pretty well."

Aunt Minervy Ann laughed. "Well, suh, I hear de new-fangled niggers say dat when dey go in de court-house, it's all de same ez gwine ter jail, kaze sho ez dey git in one dey'll lan' in de yuther. It's des a way dey got, an' dey can't no mo' he'p it dan dey kin he'p totin' off what ain't der'n. An' ez fer dat cook, you'll hear fum 'er; you sho will. She ailin' right now; she got de swell-foot, and some fine day, when you got company, she'll sen' you word dat her feet hurt 'er so bad she can't come. Now, you mark my words; I done seed dat sort befo'."

"What did I tell you?" said the lady of the house, turning to me.

"You can't fool de Mistiss!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, with a laugh. "I hear talk dat de Mistiss gwine ter have some er her Northron kinnery wid 'er fer de holidays. Well, dey won't pester me, kaze Hamp done sell one bale er cotton fer mo' money dan he got fer three bales awhile ago, an' I kin pick up an' come most any time—ef not Chris'mus, den some yuther time. Marse Tumlin say de reason cotton wuth so much mo' is bekaze dey so many new cotton fact'ries been put up. Ef dat de case, I dunner why de white folks don't go right ahead an' put up ten a day. Ef dey make cotton wuth mo' it look like ter me dat dey'd have one at eve'y cross-road."

When Aunt Minervy Ann was invited to visit us on Christmas as usual she became somewhat serious. "I know'd I'd git a invite ef I fished wid a long nuff line an' a strong nuff hook," she remarked. "I speck you-all will git ter b'lievin' dat I des come roun' fer sump'n ter eat; but when it come ter fishin' fer vittles, I let you know dat dey ain't many places whar I goes ter fish at; dat dey ain't! De folks down dar at home will all tell you dat. Ef I wuz stayin' here all de year I'd go ter Marse Tumlin's fer Chris'mus, but bein's I'm dar all de year, it does me good ter come here. Yes'm, I'll come; I'll come de day befo', an' ef I don't 'arn my dinner de Mistiss nee'nter gib me none."

Aunt Minervy Ann then went on to tell us all the neighborhood news—that peculiarly interesting gossip, which never by any chance gets into the newspapers, and which is all the more interesting on that account. Finally, having exhausted her budget, she threw her head back and asked me if I remembered Miss Puss Gresham. Not caring to wait on my uncertain memory, Aunt Minervy Ann went on: "She wa'n't nothin' but a slip of a gal when you wuz down dar, suh; an' she ain't nothin' but a slip yit, dough she ain't no chicken. She'll tell you 'erse'f dat she's forty, ef dey ain't no men folks roun', an' I speck ef you'd put ane'r year er two on ter dat you wouldn't miss it so mighty fur."

She paused and laughed silently, as if enjoying some thought of her own which she could not afford to divulge. Then, after a while—"Dey ain't no needs ter ax you ef you knows Jedge Ballard, kaze he wuz done dar an' well seasoned long 'fo' you ever had de idee er comin' ter dat town. I dunner what make um call 'im Jedge, kaze he ain't never jedged nothin' not sence I been knowin' 'im. I up an' axed Marse Tumlin one day how come dey call dat man Jedge, an' he say it's bekaze he got sech a keen eye fer hoss-flesh; but Marse Tumlin won't never talk sense ter me, not less'n dey's trouble on han'. Well, anyhow, dey ain't nothin' wrong 'bout de Jedge but de entitlements, an' dat ain't much, kaze dey's men by de dozen down dar whar we-all live at, an' dey calls um Maje an' Gener'l an' Colonel, an' lots un um ain't never smelt gunpowder whar dey's any fightin' gwine on.

"But dat ar Jedge Ballard, he went to war, an' dey say he fit right up ter de las' minnit. Dat what dey say, but one thing I know mighty well—ef de Yankees had 'a' been wimmen folks de Jedge would 'a' broke an' run 'fo' dey fire a gun an' he'd 'a' been runnin' yit ef dey d give chase atter 'im. De reason er dat, I speck, is kaze he come ter town a country chap, way back yander befo' de war, an' whirled inter makin' his livin' by clerkin' in a grocery sto' whar dey had dram fer ter sell. De reason I know 'bout dat is bekaze he useter gi' me a thimbleful now an' den when I'd patch his cloz fer 'im, er put buttons on his pants. He live wid de man he clerk fer an' de man had gals, but de Jedge useter have all his meals sent ter de sto' ceppin' on Sundays, an' den he'd take his foot in his han' an' go home fer ter see his folks. In dat way, he never wuz flung wid de wimmen folks much, an' it got so atter while dat he wouldn't go whar dey wuz nohow you could fix it. I know, suh, fer I done his washin' fum de day dat he had ter pay fer it wid his own money.

"It's de trufe, suh—In my day an' time I've seed lots er men skeer'd er wimmen, an' good men, too, but I ain't never see no man ez bad skeer'd un um ez dat ar Jedge Ballard. He wuz a mighty shy man natchally, an' den he dealt out dram, an' his daddy ain't had no niggers—all dem things drappin' tergedder kinder made it wuss'n it moughter been. You know yo'se'f, suh, how we-all useter feel 'bout folks what ain't got no fambly, ez you may say, ner no niggers. De feelin' wuz dar, an' 'twuz bleedge ter show itse'f. I know mighty well I had it strong in me, an' 'tain't all gone yit—no, bless you! 'tain't all gone yit.

"Well, dar he wuz, ma'am, shy ez a didapper, an' hidin' out an' runnin' roun' cornders fer ter keep fum meetin' de wimmen folks, makin' money right along, an' wid nobody ter spen' it on. An' den dar wuz Miss Puss, agein' a little maybe, but none ter hurt, an' a monstus fine 'oman she is, too, mighty nigh by herse'f, kaze you wouldn't hardly count her ma ter be alive, she so ol' an' weasly. I lookt at um, I did, an' I say ter myse'f dat dey mus' be sump'n wrong dat oughter be sot right. Dey calls me a mighty meddler down home, an' I speck I is; but it look like ter me dat when I see sum'n all crossways an' slanchendicklar, I can't set still tell I try ter git it right. An' dey ain't many times, ma'am, dat I fails, ef I does say it myse'f.

"Miss Puss is about ez skeer'd er de men ez Jedge Ballard is er de wimmen. I been tellin' 'er dat she des puttin' on, but I don't speck she is, kaze you can't put on like dat, an' keep it put on when you think nobody ain't watchin' you. Wellum, ez I tell you, I been doin' de fine washin' fer bofe un um—der collars an' cuffs, der shirts an' der shirt-waists, an' fer 'bout a year now I been taikin' kinder ramblin' like—'bout Miss Puss when I'm wid de Jedge, an' 'bout de Jedge when I'm wid Miss Puss. One time, des ter see what de up-shot un it would be, I put one er de Jedge's shirts, de best one he got, in Miss Puss's bundle, an' one er Miss Puss's fine shirt-waists in de Jedge's bundle, an' I slipped out fum bofe places des ez quick ez I could.

"Dis wuz one Friday, an' dough I know'd mighty well dat de Jedge'd want his fine shirt fer Sunday, an' dat Miss Puss'd have a duck fit 'bout her waist, I never went nigh um tell de next Monday mornin'; an' I sorter hung back den, kaze I wanted ter have um stirred up. I went atter Miss Puss's cloze fust, an' she, stidder bein' mad, wuz in a mighty good humor. I howdied wid 'er, an' axed ef her cloze wuz all

ready, an' she 'low dey wuz. When I went in 'er room, de fust thing I seed wuz de Jedge's shirt on de foot er 'er bed. I say, 'Well! dis knocks me, Miss Puss; whar you git 'im an' what his name?' She make out she dunner what I'm a-talkin' 'bout, but she can't fool me—dey wuz des a hint er red in her face dat I ain't never see dar befo'. Den I 'low, 'Well, ef dis don't bang my time! Here one er Jedge Ballard's best shirts, an' I b'lieve in my soul, Miss Puss, dat you been tryin' it on!' Wellum, she got dat red in de face dat her own ma wouldn't 'a' hardly know'd 'er. She sing out, she did, 'Why, Aunt Minervy Ann, you oughter be 'shame er yo'se'f ter have sech talk ez dat right befo' my face.' I say, 'Des look at de shirt fer yo'se'f; ef somebody ain't been a-projickin' wid it I'll eat it widout salt.' "

Aunt Minervy Ann paused to laugh at the recollection of Miss Puss's discomfiture. Then she went on: "Wellum, her face got red ez a beet—I didn't know she had dat much blood in 'er. She say, 'I did spread it out, Aunt Minervy Ann, but dat wuz bekaze I didn't know what kinder gyarment it wuz—but ez fer tryin' it on—oh, I think you ought ter be 'shame er yo'se'f!' I 'low, 'Well, you nee'nter 'buze me, Miss Puss, kaze I ain't never tried ter put it on. I speck I'll hatter wash it an' do it up ag'in. Jedge Ballard nighty perticklerr 'bout his shirts, yit he's got nuff ter len' a dozen out eve'y week.' Miss Puss look like her feelin's wuz hurt; she say, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, I didn't do a blessid thing ter dat shirt, ceppin' ter sew a button on de front dar whar dey wa'n't na'er one.' I 'low, 'Button! why, honey, dey don't use buttons on dem kinder shirts; de Jedge is got some little gold studs he puts in dar stidder buttons.'

"Wellum, wid one thing an' anud'er, I kept de blood in Miss Puss's face all de time I stayed dat day. She want ter take de button off, but I told her dat I'd take it off myse'f, an' den I ax 'er ef she ain't miss sump'n out her washin', an' she say she ain't. But dat started her, an' she sarched roun'. Bimeby, she turned roun' wid her han's raise—'Oh, Aunt Minervy Ann,' she say, 'my fine waist! It's gone!' I 'low, 'Well, you kin make you' min' easy 'bout dat waist. It's in Jedge Ballard's washin', an' I bet you he wore it roun' all day yistiddy.' Dat wuz de last splinter dat made de load too heavy. Miss Puss put 'er han's 'fo' her face, an' come mighty nigh cryin'! 'Ef he did,' she say, 'don't fetch it in dis house.' I 'low, 'I'll ax 'im ef he did, an' ef he say yes, I'll take de waist an' w'ar it myse'f, dough I'll hatter let it out a little in places.' Wid dat, I wuz fer whippin' out, an' gon' on 'bout my business, but Miss Puss cotch me 'fo' I could git out'n de house; she say, 'Aunt Minervy Ann! don't you dast ter say a word ter Jedge Ballard 'bout dat waist. It's bad nuff ez 'tis, widout makin' it wuss.'

"I des had ter pull 'way fum Miss Puss de bes' way I kin widout hurtin' her feelin's, kaze ef I'd 'a' looked at 'er, I'd 'a' bust out laughin', an' she wouldn't 'a' know'd what I wuz laughin' at no mo' dan a little bits er baby. Whilst I wuz laughin' myse'f mighty nigh ter death, who should I meet but Jedge Ballard? He say, 'I saw you, Minervy Ann, an' I 'lowed maybe you wuz gwine atter my washin', an' so I come 'cross de squar' fer ter gi' you de key er my room.' I say, 'You better come go dar wid me, kaze we got big business on our han's. I put one er your shirts in Miss Puss's washin' an' one er her waists in yone; an' fum de way Miss Puss gwine on, it'll be ez much ez we kin do fer ter keep down a scandal.' He 'low, 'A scandal? What in de name er goodness does you mean, Minervy Ann?' I say, 'I means dis, suh, dat Miss Puss done got it in 'er head dat you put it in my min' fer ter change de pieces—dat what I mean, suh.' He stop right still in de street, an' look at me des like he been pairlyzed. I say, 'I done fix it all right, an' you nee'nter worry; but I had a time!'

"Worry!—why, dat man stood dar right in his tracks an' sweat same ez ef he'd 'a' run two mile. He say, 'Minervy Ann, why in de worl' do Miss Gresham think dat I'd be so unpolite ez ter git you ter put one er my shirts in her washin'? In among my things I found some kind er confutement dat de wimmen w'ar—now s'posin' I wuz ter git de idee in my head dat Miss Gresham swaded you ter put it in dar; what'd she think?' I 'low, 'Well, suh, fer all you know, you'd be guessin' right.' He say, 'Minervy Ann, what under de sun does you mean?' I say, 'Ef I wuz ter tell you what I mean, you wouldn't know no more about it dan you does right now. You don't know ez much 'bout wimmen folks now ez you did when you wuz a baby. Don't you worry 'bout Miss Puss, kaze when I left de house she wuz laughin'! She say dat atter you git done wid her shirt-waist, she'll be glad ter have it back ag'in. I up an' told dat you had it on at church Sunday.'

"Den de Jedge, he turn red an' sotter laugh. He say, 'Why, Minervy Ann, I didn't go ter church Sunday.' I 'low, 'Pity you didn't; you'd 'a' seed Miss Puss dar, an', I tell you, she looks scrumptious.' "

The lady of the house appeared to be very much interested in this recital. She laughed as Aunt Minervy Ann paused. Being a woman, she could appreciate the tactics which the old negress had put into operation.

"Wellum," continued Aunt Minervy Ann, now addressing herself altogether to the lady, "I went ter Jedge Ballard's room wid 'im, an' got de waist an' tuck it back ter Miss Puss. I declar', ma'am, you oughter des 'a' been dar fer ter see de way she went on—she fluttered roun' me same ez a chicken wid its head wrung off. It wuz, 'Oh, Aunt Minervy Ann, what'd you tell 'im?' an', 'Oh, Aunt Minervy Ann, what did he say?' But I done had it all made up in my min' what I gwine ter tell 'er, an' so atter she tuck de waist an' look it all over fer ter see what de man done gone an' done ter't, I stood dar, I did, an' hol' up my han's in a great miration.

"She look at me, she did, an' she fluttered an' quivered same ez ef I was gwine ter take 'er ter de calaboose. I 'low, 'Miss Puss, I des wish you could 'a' been wid me des now!—no, I don't nudder, kaze you'd 'a' des flew'd up an' got mad when dey wa'n't no 'casion fer ter git mad. I went ter de Jedge, an' I ax 'im ef he got any stray gyarments 'mongst his things; an' he make answer dat he know'd right pine-blank what I come fer—desso! Den he open his trunk, an' he fish dat waist fum de bottom—an' look at it! Dey ain't a mark ner a wrinkle on it ceppin' dem what I put on it myse'f. He ax me who de waist b'long ter, an' I tol' 'im dat 'twou't do no good ef he know'd, an' dat he better not make bad matters wuss. Den he say he kin guess, an' I 'low dat he kin guess all he wanter, kaze I ain't gwineter tell 'im an' git deeper inter trouble dan what I wuz.' Miss Puss, she say, 'Oh, I'm so thankful you didn't tell 'im, Aunt Minervy Ann—but did he guess?' "

Aunt Minervy Ann paused again to laugh, and this time her small audience laughed with her, not so much at what she said as at the curious way in which, by gestures of the hand, by movements of the head and body, and by the tones of her voice, she managed to give us an accurate portrait of Miss Puss Gresham—qualities that are all absent from this dull report.

" 'But did he guess?' she went on, mimicking the voice and manner of Miss Puss. I 'low, 'Yes'm, he guessed, an' he guess right de fust time. He say, dat ef de waist b'long ter anybody in de town, it b'longs ter Miss Gresham.' Miss Puss cry out, 'Why, Aunt Minervy Ann! how could he 'a' know'd?' I say, 'Dat what pestered me, Miss Puss, an' I ax 'im what make he call your name so pat. He say he ain't bleedge ter tell me, but he don't min' it, kaze he know I ain't gwineter say nothin' 'bout it, an' den he up'n tell me a great long rigamarole 'bout how one time when we wuz all lots younger dan what we is now, he walked behime you one Sunday atternoon, an' all de way he kin smell some kinder faint perfume sorter like spice pinks an' dat when he pick up dat waist he kin smell de same.'

"An' it's de trute, ma'am, dat Miss Puss keeps de sweetest scents on her cloze dat any human bein' ever smelt. I dunner whar she gits um, but she's got um. Dey ain't strong; deyer so faintlike dat you dunner whedder you dremp 'bout um or not—an' you can't wash um out. You may drown de cloze in soapsuds er lye-water, an' you may rub an' wring tell yo' arms ache—but when you git de cloze all i'oned an' done up, de scent'll be dar des ez strong an' no stronger."

"What did Miss Gresham say when you told her that awful fib?" the lady of the house asked. She was more interested in the practical features of the affair than she was in the faint sweet smell of the carnations; but, somehow, when Aunt Minervy Ann began to describe perfume, the mind of one of her listeners flew away back to the old days when his grandmother's garden pinks flung their faint spices on the air.

"What did she say, ma'am? Why, she like ter had a little bit er fit. She blushed like a schoolgal, an' laughed like she wuz happy widout knowin' de rason why. She didn't know what ter say, but bimeby she hit at me wid a towel, an' 'low, 'Oh, go 'long, Aunt Minervy Ann! you must think I'm mighty silly ter b'lieve all dat.'

"Wellum, I went 'long, kaze I didn't want ter tell no mo' stories dan I kin he'p. I tol' Miss Vallie 'bout it, an' she tuck up wid de idee right off—you know how de wimmen folks is. An' den Marse Tumlin cotch on—he mo' like a 'oman in some er his ways dan any grown man I ever is see. When Marse Tumlin take a ban' in anything, it bleedge ter show some motion; ef dey ain't no life in it, he ain't gwineter fool wid it. So 'twa'n't so mighty long 'fo' he had matters on de move, an' he handle um, he say, des like dey wuz politics.

"De nex' Sunday de Jedge wuz in church all diked out—Miss Vallie say she didn't know dey wuz ez fine a suit er cloze 'a town ez dat man had on; an' Miss Puss, she had on some bran new duds. I seed her when she wuz comin' way fum church, an' she look des like a pictur' in a book; not knowin' 'er, you'd 'a' said she wa'n't a day over twenty-five, ef dat. Miss Vallie say dat de two un um would look at one an'er des like dey wuz skeer'd dey wuz committin' some great crime—stealin' glimpses like a skeer'd boy steals peaches, one at a time, an' mighty little ones at dat.

"When Marse Tumlin hear dat, he say ever'thing is ripe fer de campaign ter begin. He tol' Miss Vallie what she must do de nex' day, an', sho nuff, she done it. Ef dey wuz anything in de worl' dat de Jedge wuz special fond un, it wuz guns, an', atter guns, dogs. Dat wuz Marse Tumlin's weakness, too. Dem two men 'ud go out on a drizzly day an' walk fum mornin' tell night huntin' birds, an' maybe dey'd come back at night wid one poor little pa'tridge apiece. De nex' day wuz Monday, an' 'long 'bout ten o'clock, Marse Tumlin come, an' fotch Jedge Ballard wid 'im. Marse Tumlin had a new gun, an' dey got dat out, an' tuck it ter pieces; an' while dey wuz talkin' 'bout dat, Miss Vallie went thoo de hall, an' hollered an' tol' Marse Tumlin dat he nee'nter wait dinner fer her, kaze she ain't know when she comin' back.

"Wellum, she went right straight ter Miss Puss's—dey wuz mighty good frien's—an' nothin' would do but Miss Puss must come an' take dinner wid 'er, atter dey went down town fer ter do some shoppin'. Miss Vallie say she want Miss Puss ter go 'long wid 'er an' he'p 'er choose some goods, an' dat wa'n't no story needer, kaze dey wa'n't nobody in dem diggin's dat had a quicker eye fer color dan Miss Puss—I wish you could see some er de cloze dat white 'oman got. Dey ain't so mighty fine, when dey come outer de sto', but when Miss Puss git thoo wid um, dey look like dey er de finest cloze ter be foun' anywhar—anybody'll tell you dat. When she dike herse'f out, she sho does put you in min' er de pictur's you see in books. She ain't purty like Miss Vallie, but dey's sump'n n'er 'bout dat make you feel better—she kinder rests you.

"She couldn't git outer gwine wid Miss Vallie, an' I don't speck she tried mighty hard, kaze ef dey's anything she likes ter do it's ter ramble roun' an' fool wid de stuff dey have in de sto's. Miss Vallie dilly-dallied, an' went fum sto' ter sto' tell mighty nigh dinner-time, an' Marse Tumlin, he had de Jedge busy ez a bee, tellin' him what kinder gun is de best, an' what kinder powder an' shot would do de business fer fowl an' varmint. I had my part ter play, an' I played it. I had ter have dinner on de table des 'fo' de clock struck twelve, an' 'twuz all ready at a quarter ter twelve, an' I rung de bell. De Jedge start up like he wanter go on 'bout his business, ef he had any, but Marse Tumlin totch 'im up wid a toddy—one er de long sweet uns dat he know how ter make—an' when de Jedge march inter de dinin'-room, he lookt ez game ez one deze yer fightin' chickens.

"I wuz kinder skeer'd dat Miss Vallie'd overstay her time—you know how wimmen folks is when dey gits ter foolin' roun' in de sto's whar dey buys der dresses—but she come in 'fo' dey got thoo de soup, an' by dat time Marse Tumlin an' de Jedge wuz 'sputin' 'bout some kinder doin's, I dunner what; an' dey wuz so het up wid der 'pinions dat dey ain't hear Miss Vallie an' Miss Puss when dey come in, an' I had de do' shet twix Miss Vallie's room an' de dinin'-room.

"Wellum, when de do' did open, I let you know de 'sputе wuz cut off twix de head an' de tail. Fer de time it'd take you ter count ten, dey wuz mo' stillness in dat quarter dan dey ever is ter be ag'in. Ef a bug had a-flew'd ag'in de wall I b'lieve 'twould 'a' sounded like a cannon, an' ef I had a stuck my head in de do' an' 'a' hollered Booh, Miss Puss an' de Jedge would 'a' bofe fainted dead away. De Jedge cotch his bref right in de middle er de biggest kinder talk, an' Miss Puss fetched a gasp—an' all dis time Marse Tumlin's eyes wuz a-dancin' des like he wuz at a circus. All dis tuck place fum de time de do' opened ter de minnit when Miss Vallie an' Marse Tumlin wuz a-fixin' matters up so de yuthers wouldn't have a word ter say ef dey didn't wanter. An' dey didn't wanter!

"Miss Vallie, she talk ter Miss Puss, an' Marse Tumlin rattled away at de Jedge, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey wuz feelin' better dan dey thought dey would. Miss Puss seed dat de Jedge wan't makin' no 'rangements fer ter eat her up, an' de Jedge, he seed dat 'twuz des ez easy fer ter set at de same table wid two nice wimmen ez 'twuz ter set dar wid a lot er men, specially when he ain't had ter do no talkin'. Wellum, dey couldn't 'a' fell inter better han's fer makin' um feel at home an' at der ease, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey wuz all talkin' des like dey had dinner terge'er eve' day. Atter dinner, Miss Vallie played on de peanner, an', fust thing you know, Miss Puss wuz slugin' some kinder song 'bout tetchin' de harp gently, er sump'n n'er like dat. All I know, it 'uz mighty purty, an' de Jedge he sot dar, lookin' like he des beginnin' ter know what 'tis ter be livin'.

"I kinder had de idee dat dey'd be some trouble when de time come fer de Jedge an' Miss Puss ter go, kaze de man sot dar like somebody intranced—he didn't know what time wuz. Ef you'd 'a' axed 'im right quick whedder it wuz day or night, he couldn't 'a' told you widout lookin' out de winder. Bimeby I got a chance ter beckon ter Miss Vallie, an' I axed her not ter fling de fat in de fire by hintin' fer de Jedge fer ter walk home wid Miss Puss. I say, 'Ef dey's gwineter be any walkin' home, you go 'long wid um,' an' des dat away she fixed it.

"Wellum, all dat would 'a' been thowed away ef I hadn't 'a' thought ter steal Miss Puss's parasol. Marse Tumlin say dat dey ain't nobody in de roun' worl' would 'a' done dat but ol' Minervy Ann, an' I speck dat's so."

"But why," asked the lady of the house, "did you steal the parasol, and what did that have to do with the Judge and Miss Gresham?"

"It come ter me all in a flash," replied Aunt Minervy Ann, with a laugh. "I des know'd in reason dat dat dinner would be de last un it, ef de Jedge ain't got some skuse fer ter call on 'er; kaze dat dinner doin's wuz des a happen so, de way she look at it."

"Wouldn't she have had enough politeness to ask the gentleman to call on her, if she had wanted him to call?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Wellum, in a case like dat, p'liteness ain't got much ter do wid it. De man ain't been a-callin' on 'er, an' dey aint no way fer her ter know dat it'd be 'gree'ble ter him ter call. You got ter put dese shy folks by deyse'f ef you gwineter say what dey moughter done. I most know Miss Puss never did ax a man fer ter call on 'er, an' ez de sayin' is, you can't larn a ol' dog new tricks. Anyhow," Aunt Minervy Ann went on, throwing her head back as if to show by the movement that she was ready to take the whole responsibility—"anyhow, I stole de parasol; they ain't no rubbin' dat out—I stole it whilst dey wuz all eatin' dinner, an' de nex' time I went atter Jedge Ballard's washin', I put it in de bottom er my basket, an' I tuck de fust good chance when he wa'n't lookin' to slip it out an' lean it in de cornder by de bureau. Den I put his cloze in de basket, an' des ez I start ter go, I turn roun', I did, an' say, 'Jedge Ballard, ain't dat Miss Puss's parasol?' He look at me like he thought I 'uz crazy. I 'low, 'Dat parasol right dar—ain't dat de one dat she been makin' sech a parade 'bout, ez ef dey wa'n't na'er nudder parasol in de Nuited State?'

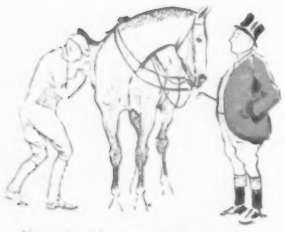
"Wellum, when he see dat parasol, it look like he got so weak dat he'd 'a' fell down eff a breff er win' had blow'd 'gin 'im. He look at me, an' den he look at de parasol, an' he say, 'Minervy Ann, I ain't never lay eyes on dat thing befo'—I'll take my oath on it. How in de heav'm's name could it 'a' got in here?' I 'low, 'Well, it didn't come yer by itse'f, sho; I been livin' a mighty long time, an' I ain't never see no parasol git up an' walk. De way I look at it, you must 'a' picked it up when you wuz at our house t'er day—you picked it up maybe ter han' it ter Miss Puss, er maybe ter tote it fer 'er, an' you got ter thinkin' 'bout business er sump'n, an' fergot all about it.' He look at me, an' den he look at de parasol, an' he say, 'Ef I did I must be losin' my min'. Minervy Ann, kin I git you ter take it ter Miss Gresham?' I 'low, 'Dat you can't—dat you can't! Dey'd say right off dat ol' Minervy Ann tried ter steal Miss Puss's parasol an' got skeer'd an' tuck it back. Oh, no! I'm too ol' fer ter run my head in dat kinder trap! Whyn t you take it back yo'se'f? You don't want no better skuse dan dat fer callin' on Miss Puss. Dat des what you need—you been runnin' fum de wimmen so long dat you got scales on you!'

"Ef you'd 'a' seed dat white man when I say dat, suh," said Aunt Minervy Ann, looking at me, "you'd 'a' laughed yo'se'f ter death. He turn roun' an' look at hisse'f in de glass. 'Scales, Minervy Ann—scales!' Dey ain't nothin' funnier in dis worl' dan some er de men folks. I 'low, 'I ain't talkin' 'bout scales on yo' body; I'm talkin' 'bout scales on yo' min' an' manners.'

"Wellum"—Aunt Minervy Ann turned again to the lady of the house—"de parasol done de work. I went right straight an' tol' Miss Puss dat de Jedge had her parasol, an' she look at me in de funniest kinder way—des like a little gal does when you ketch um in some kinder mischief—an' den she laugh, an' ax me what I reckon de Jedge want wid it. I say I speck he want sump'n ter 'member her by. Well, de Jedge, he put off takin' dat parasol back fer de longest, but, bimeby, de day 'fo' las' Christmas, he mustered up sperrit nuff fer ter call on Miss Puss; an' atter he got dar, he must 'a' got bold ez a lion, fer not long atter dat, Miss Puss tell me she gwineter git married. I say 'When?' She 'low, 'Nex' fall!' I des fetched one loud squall, an' fell on de flo'. She ax what de matter, an' I make answer dat we'll all be dead by dat time. Den she say dat I ain't ax her who de man gwineter be, an' I 'low dat dey ain't no need fer me ter ax, kaze I know'd 'fo' she did.

"It's all fix up by dis time, an' 'fo' I see you all ag'in Miss Puss's sho nuff troubles will be at der beginnin'. Ain't I right, ma'am, 'bout de troubles?" With this good-natured fling at me, Aunt Minervy Ann went on her way.

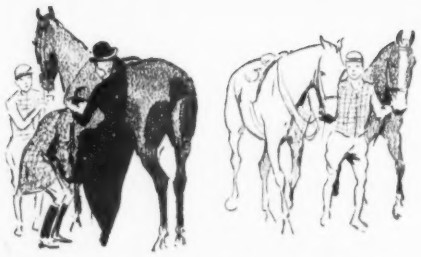
THE END



He makes the acquaintance of his mount, "Peter Simple"

The first problem to present itself

"Pete" proves a bit playful, if not skittish

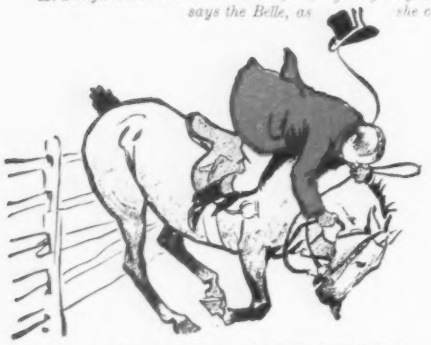


The Belle of the Hunt arrives and is mounted by Captain Nailer, the "hardest goer" in the country

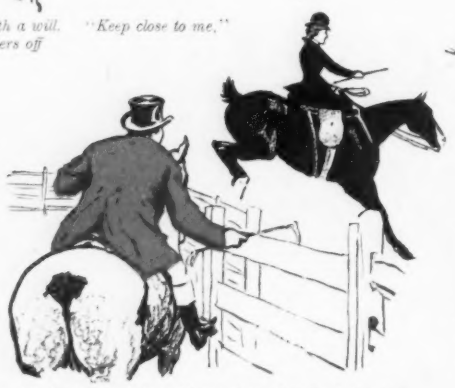
On the way to the meet he discusses the prospects for the day with the Belle, who appears much interested and volunteers the information that "the line will be a big one, but the going beautiful." "Mostly post-and-rail and ditches," adds the Captain

At Fairfield Corners the hounds "find," giving tongue with a will. "Keep close to me," says the Belle, as she canters off

"Not so easy as it seems" with the hounds in full cry, at a racing clip and a line of big timber in view



He makes the acquaintance of a "five-railer" and "Peter," much to his discomfort, "pecks"



He has learned discretion, but watches the Belle with admiration as she "flies it" in perfect form

An unexpected incident, involving a sudden and cold immersion in Willow Brook and enforced separation from "Peter," who is off after the hounds

But final triumph when, thanks to the exertions of Farmer Simpson's trotting mare (2.26½), he arrives in time to witness "the kill" and the presentation of the brush to his fair "pilot," who compliments him on his enterprise and resource

A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS

RECOUNTING HOW MR. PLUMPLEIGH, THE DISTINGUISHED LAWYER, DOWN FROM TOWN FOR THE HOLIDAYS, IS OFFERED A MOUNT FOR A RUN WITH THE HARROWSHIRE HOUNDS AND, AFTER A SERIES OF ADVENTURES, ARRIVES JUST IN TIME FOR "THE DEATH"

FIFTY MILLIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

BY

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE

Author of "With Sword and Crucifix," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

CHAPTER I

My Uncle's Heir

I AM WILLING to admit that a New York bachelor of twenty-five who has the free use of two hundred dollars a week may be accused justly of a lack of common-sense if he fails to keep out of debt. But temperament and environment are potent factors in shaping a man's destiny. An imaginative youth, surrounded by young men of wealth and position, is tempted to hold the pace set by his most rapid comrades. Jack Taunton's income has been ten times as great as mine, but I flatter myself that he has never cut the figure in clubs or drawing-rooms that I have managed to maintain with smaller means than his, but—pardon the egotism—a larger mentality. I must, however, resist the temptation to follow out this line of thought! What I set out to convey to you was the simple fact that when I fell heir to my Uncle John's enormous fortune—fifty millions, made in oil, coal, iron and railroads—I was in sore straits financially and had just returned to New York from a somewhat hurried flight to London, precipitated by the aggressive insistence of several materialistic tradesmen, wofully deficient in imagination.

I had dismissed my valet before my departure for Europe. Uncle John and I had parted company long ago. Multi-millionaire by profession and philanthropist for recreation, my late father's brother had washed his hands of me, in righteous disapproval. As a man of leisure, I offended the successful man of affairs. As a cynical worldling, I antagonized the benevolent millionnaire. Uncle John had demanded of me a course of life that I had refused to follow, despite the splendid possibilities with which conformity to his wishes was pregnant. He had sworn to leave every cent of his fortune to charity unless I "reformed." Poor as I was, with only ten thousand a year between me and destitution, I had flounced out of his office in high dudgeon, cherishing my pride the more because it had cost me so many millions.

You can imagine my surprise, then, when I found my late valet awaiting me at my rooms.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said respectfully, relieving me of my topcoat and hat. "You'll find everything here in good order, sir."

"But I discharged you, Martin," I remarked ungraciously, pleased though I was at his unexpected devotion. His phlegmatic, smooth-shaven face relaxed for a moment.

"I've been with you four years, Mr. Remsen," remarked Martin, bustling about the room somewhat uneasily. "I'm used to the place, sir. I hope you'll reconsider my dismissal."

I thought of Lord Byron and his dog. Martin's loyalty was very soothing to me at the moment and I gave a tacit consent to his return to my service.

"Mr. Brownlow was here this morning, sir. He will be back at four."

"Mr. Brownlow!" I exclaimed, wondering what my uncle's lawyer could have to say to me.

The expression of Martin's face arrested my attention. "Your uncle, sir—" he began.

"Yes, Martin? My uncle? What of him?" I asked testily, seating myself before an open fire that my man had lighted, and puffing a cigar nervously.

"You do not know, then?" asked Martin in a low voice. "Mr. Remsen has been dead a week, sir."

"John Remsen dead!" I cried, amazement and incredulity in my voice. "It can't be true, Martin. I would have heard of it before this."

"When did you leave London, sir?"

At that moment the electric bell summoned Martin to my outer door. His question had been pertinent enough. While Uncle John's death must have made sufficient noise in the world to warrant a cable despatch to the English press, the news, of course, had not reached London before my departure. I sprang from my chair excitedly. Fever had begun to burn in my veins, the fever of mingled remorse, cupidity and anticipation. Despite the fact that Uncle John had vowed in my presence that I should never spend a cent of his money, a wild, intoxicating hope was sticking spurs into my pulse.

"Ah, Mr. Remsen! Delighted to find you at home!"

I turned to see Mr. Brownlow, tall, gray, well groomed, middle-aged, facing me across the room. I hurried toward him with outstretched hand, a human interrogation-mark magnetized by a mine of information.

"Be seated, Mr. Brownlow," I said, pointing to a chair in front of the fireplace and thrusting a box of cigars toward my guest. "I have, just this moment, learned of my uncle's death, sir."

"It was very sudden, Mr. Remsen," remarked the lawyer, in a tone of voice that he, doubtless, had labelled "melancholy—for the reading of wills, talks with heirs, heiresses, widows, orphans, *et al.*"

"Apoplexy?"

"Heart disease, Mr. Remsen. At his office—just one week ago this afternoon."

We sat in silence for a time, puffing our cigars and gazing mournfully at the dancing flames. I seemed to be paying the last sad rites to the departed, the while I used my cigar as a cork to my bubbling curiosity. Presently Mr. Brownlow, who possessed a fine sense of delicacy, relieved the tension of the situation.

"It is a great shock to you, of course, Mr. Remsen. Nevertheless, I take pleasure in being the first to congratulate you upon your accession to great wealth. Mr. Remsen left his estate to you, my young friend, with but one insignificant condition."

I knew that I had turned pale. My heart had jumped into my throat for air. I managed to gasp out the question that hurt me either to bind or loose:

"The condition, Mr. Brownlow? What is it?"

"It is a small matter, Mr. Remsen, but not uncharacteristic of your uncle—who was, as you know, somewhat eccentric."

Mr. Brownlow eyed me searchingly for a moment.

"His choice of a lawyer proves that," I said to myself, meeting my guest's gaze without flinching. Then aloud: "I have spent sixteen days and nights, Mr. Brownlow, aboard a disabled steamer tossed by winter storms. My nerves bother me a good deal. May I ask you to come to the point at once?"

"It is fortunate for you, Mr. Remsen," answered the lawyer in his most pompous manner, "that your steamer reached here to-day. A few hours' further delay would have jeopardized your claim to the estate. Mr. John Remsen left you his millions, sir, upon the one condition that you gather your most intimate friends around you upon Christmas Eve and entertain them with a most elaborate banquet. Any one of your several clubs you may choose as the scene of your holiday feast. Your guests must number, at the least, twenty, and you are to preside, of course. Having fulfilled this proviso, you come into full and free possession, Mr. Remsen, of one of the largest fortunes in the world."

Mr. Brownlow's professional solemnity overawed me for a time. Then I laughed aloud, somewhat hysterically.

"The thing's absurd, sir. I have no objection to blowing the boys off to the largest kind of a spread, but there's a lack of dignity, good form, about the whole matter that offends me. Was my uncle in his right mind when he made his will, Mr. Brownlow?"

"Perfectly sane, of course," answered the lawyer testily. "I have taken the liberty, Mr. Remsen, of ordering the banquet referred to in the will and of inviting twenty friends of yours to dine with you."

"The deuce you have!" I exclaimed, rather discourteously, perhaps. "Christmas Eve? Why, that's to-night! This is the twenty-fourth, is it not?"

"Precisely," said the lawyer primly.

"And the list of my friends? Where did you obtain that, Mr. Brownlow?"

"From your valet, Martin, sir, and from your friends themselves. The object of the gathering, Mr. Remsen, as stated in your uncle's will, is to stir up a discussion as to the best method of expending an income of two millions a year. I am to announce to your guests the fact that Mr. John Remsen has left his fortune to you and that you crave advice from your most intimate friends as to the most desirable lines of disbursement for so large an income."

"Where do we dine?" I asked listlessly. Astonishment had exhausted my depleted stock of nervous energy.

"I took the liberty, Mr. Remsen, of choosing the 'Varsity Club, of which we are both members, for to-night's peculiar function."

My mind felt like a kind of mental merry-go-round that had solved the problem of perpetual motion. I found it impossible to concentrate my thoughts upon the situation in its entirety. A fragment, however, of my feverish musings shaped itself into a question.

"Christmas Eve, Mr. Brownlow? Why did my uncle insist upon to-night as the time for my banquet?"

The lawyer stood erect, donning his gloves.

"You are as well able to answer that question as I am, Mr. Remsen," he answered dryly. "I should advise you, however, to give this phase of the matter attentive consideration between now and ten o'clock. And so, I'll say *au revoir*. I must call at the 'Varsity Club at once to give a few final directions regarding the menu, etc. Good-day—and good luck!"

I sat gazing at the dancing firelight, after Mr. Brownlow's departure, striving to grasp the full significance of the astounding statements that he had made to me in his cold-blooded way. Fifty millions! Two millions and more a year! It was unimaginable. Despite the warmth of the room, I felt cold. I heard my man stirring in the hallway.

"Martin," I cried aloud, "bring me a cocktail at once—and a stiff one, do you hear?"

CHAPTER II

Christmas Eve

I WAS awakened by Martin from a deep sleep at nine o'clock. I felt refreshed but not at all hospitable. That I must dress at once and betake myself to the 'Varsity Club to act as host to a miscellaneous collection of friends and acquaintances was not a pleasing thought.

"There is a romantic flow in the most realistic make-up, Martin," I mused aloud; but my man only bowed perfunctorily. "What shall I do with two millions a year, Martin?"

"You are running short of gloves, sir, and you really need a new topcoat," answered my valet thoughtfully.

I laughed aloud. Poor Martin! He was wofully deficient in imagination.

Mr. Brownlow met me at the entrance to the 'Varsity Club.

"You are in good time, Mr. Remsen," he said, shaking my hand cordially. "We'll have a moment to inspect the table before your guests arrive. We'll take the elevator at once, if you please."

A glance at the room in which we were to feast aroused my enthusiasm as the host of the banquet. The table had been set for twenty-four diners and presented a dazzling picture of luxury that fully satisfied my exacting gaze. The decorations suggested both piety and patriotism. Holly and mistletoe testified to our regard for the Christmas festival; silk napery of red, white and blue bore witness to our Americanism. In the centre of the board an ingenious combination of cut flowers wished my guests "A Merry Christmas!" But what pleased me most was the toy stocking beside each plate, filled to overflowing with rich and dainty trifles—rings, watch-chains, scarf-pins, cuff-links, etc. There would have been a touch of vulgarity to this feature of the entertainment had not the sentiment thus embodied in costly gewgaws been sweet and wholesome. These toy stockings recalled to me, hardened cynic that I was, the Christmas joys of my early boyhood, before unkind fate had left me practically alone in the world. A mist came to my eyes and I saw dimly the dear faces that had smiled upon me in the long ago, before Santa Claus, and other myths, had left vacant places in my unsatisfied heart. Life is such a cruel iconoclast! It breaks our images, and leaves us Hope in place of Faith, a most inadequate *quid pro quo*. The day that teaches us that Santa Claus is merely a symbol becomes an epoch in our young lives—and the world is never the same again.

These thoughts returned to me a half-hour later as I scanned the faces of my guests from the head of the table. The flower of New York's *jeunesse dorée* had gathered at the board, inspired, as I vaguely realized, more by idle curiosity than by more worthy motives. Jack Taunton, Ben Rogers, Harold Van Zandt, Tom Marshall, Bert Mac Ivor and other coullon leaders and professional idlers had accepted my vicarious invitation for Christmas Eve, and the oysters and soup had been served to a flippant, irreverent, light-hearted throng wholly indifferent to the downfall of St. Nicholas.

I caught Brownlow's eye across the length of the bedecked board and the lawyer stood erect beside his chair.

"It is somewhat early in the game for a speech, my friends," began Mr. Brownlow, smiling benignantly at the puzzled faces turned toward him. "But our host, Mr. Remsen, has requested me to say a few words to you at this juncture that shall serve to answer several questions that you have all been too courteous to ask."

"Charming!" murmured Teddy Martin, making eyes at my lawyer.

"The *raison d'être* for this gathering to-night is simply this: Our host, Mr. Richard Remsen, has come into an income of two millions a year—something over that figure, to be exact—through the will of his late uncle."

"What uncle?" asked somebody impetuously.

"I hadn't heard of John Remsen's death," remarked Jack Taunton, glancing at me questioningly.

"Jack's always a few laps behind the push," explained a youth whose good nature was marred by bad taste.

"Keep quiet, will you!" cried several voices petulantly. "Go on, Mr. Brownlow."

"I shall endeavor to be brief, my friends," promised the lawyer, with professional recklessness. "You are here, pursuant to a clause in the aforesaid will, to give advice to our host, Mr. Richard Remsen, regarding the most desirable method of expending an income derived from a well-invested fifty millions."

"Great Scott!" muttered somebody hysterically.

"You can begin, Dick, by lending me a hundred thousand," suggested Tom Marshall, grinning at me.

"I have fulfilled my duty, gentlemen," said Mr. Brownlow, in conclusion, as he resumed his seat. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

"But are we wise?" asked Ben Rogers argumentatively.

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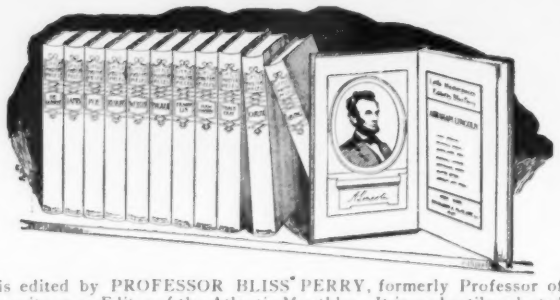

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turning his smooth shaven, rather boyish face toward me. "I know a thing or two, I'll admit, but I'd find it difficult to spend two millions a year gracefully."

"You'll go round the world now in a steam yacht, old man?" suggested Ned Barnes, recalling a conversation that we had had before my departure for London. "Don't forget that I'm at leisure this year, Dick."

"You could drop a good bit of your surplus in a racing stable, my boy," said Ben Rogers musingly. "The turf is coming up, you know."

"What rot!" cried Jack Taunton, who was always inclined to be more domineering than diplomatic. "You don't know Dick Remsen. He'll start a magazine and buy a serial of Kipling."

"My income is only two millions, Jack," I protested.

"You'll want a place in the country," suggested some one.

"And an uptown house!"

"And a shooting-box in Scotland!"

"And a London establishment!"

"And a suite in Paris!"

"Hold hard, boys!" I exclaimed. "You must remember that I can be in but one place at a time, and that life is short."

"Short, perhaps, but very wide—with fifty millions to spend," commented Teddy Martin reflectively.

Harold Van Zandt laughed boisterously. "How absurd it is," he cried, "for us to give advice to Dick Remsen in this matter! I'll bet even money that Dick's in debt two years from now."

"You flatter me, Van," I said, suppressing my annoyance. "I'm not a good business man."

"Dick needs advice," growled Jack Taunton, glaring at Van Zandt. "His is the indecision that comes with practice."

"The dead steered by the dumb," murmured Teddy Martin irrelevantly. "I have it, Dick! You can afford to marry!"

"Horrible!" groaned Tom Marshall, a bachelor of fifty.

"Marry! With only two millions a year!" laughed a cynical youth.

"I know just the girl for you, old man," put in Bert Mac Ivor, who was slow of speech by temperament. "She has a million a year that's as certain as the sunrise. Three millions a year! You could set up housekeeping comfortably on that, Dick."

"How did your uncle make the money?" asked Teddy Martin, with great lack of delicacy.

"Mines," answered a knowing one.

"Gold mines?"

"Coal and iron," I answered gruffly, the blood surging into my cheeks, I knew not why. On the instant the duality of my mind made itself evident. I was eating dainties and drinking rare wines with a crowd of jovial New Yorkers, but I was, at the same time, somewhere else, just where I could not at first determine. Presently I seemed to gaze into a black depth, within which glimmering lights flitted here and there. Then a brawny, half-dressed man, with a pick-axe over his huge shoulder, approached me from the gloom, his teeth flashing white against the dusk of his grimy face. "A Merry Christmas, Dickie!" he cried mockingly, grinning at me a moment and then fading into the darkness. A thousand black and white faces peered at me now, wishing me joy of the coming day. Presently scantily clad women and children, each with a Christmas toy in hand, flocked toward me, singing an anthem whose jubilant words were strangely out of harmony with the sad voices of the melancholy chorus.

"What's the matter with you, old man? Are you ill?" I heard a familiar voice asking at my elbow. I drained a goblet of champagne and was relieved to find myself in full control of my nervous system. Brownlow was on his feet again at the further end of the table.

"The hour of midnight is at hand, my friends," he was saying, raising a wine-glass aloft. "Here's a merry Christmas to our host and to ourselves!"

My guests had arisen as one man and the lawyer's toast was gayly quaffed, the while a distant clock tolled twelve strokes for the day that had passed.

"Speech!" urged Teddy Martin uproariously.

"Speech! Speech!" echoed the crowd, and I found myself facing a throng of expectant auditors who had reseated themselves and were gazing at me curiously.

CHAPTER III

An After-Dinner Speech

"MY good friends," I began, again realizing that my nerves were in a treacherous mood, "I trust that you will bear with me while I make a confession."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted an Anglomaniac.

"Hush! Dick's confession—expurgated, of course," announced Jack Taunton playfully.

"I'm not joking, I assure you," I recommenced, glaring at Taunton. "The truth is, that I look upon this as a most solemn moment and I wish you to take my words seriously."

"'And they who came to scoff remained to pray,'" quoted a biting voice.

"That hits me exactly," I went on. "When I entered this room to-night, my friends, the tears came into my eyes."

"Ananias!" "Munchausen!" "Prove it!" were among the exclamations that reached my ears.

"Yes," I continued stubbornly, "the tears came into my eyes because, alas! Santa Claus is dead."

A shout of laughter greeted this statement.

"Apply for his place, old man! You can afford to," suggested Teddy Martin.

"You take me too literally," I explained. "Have you never felt the pathos of lost illusions, the sadness that comes with an excess of worldly wisdom?"

"What is the matter with the man?" asked somebody testily. I noticed that Mr. Brownlow was gazing at me attentively.

"Before I go any further, my friends," I said, "I wish to thank you for the suggestions that you have made regarding my expenditures. You have perfected my title to the estate, even if you have not impressed me with the value of your advice."

"Which advice?" growled Taunton.

"That is a pertinent question," I admitted. "There has been, I must acknowledge, sufficient variety to the suggestions that have been made to me. But, frankly, my friends, is there nothing to Christmas? Does it mean nothing to you—or to me?"

"What is this, Dick—a heart-to-heart talk with young men?" asked Teddy Martin satirically.

"I don't know what it is, Ted," I confessed, smiling at my interrupter. "I am beginning to fear that my sudden acquisition of enormous wealth has changed my attitude toward many important matters."

"Toward me, Dick?" asked Martin, raising a laugh from my guests.

"But you are not an important matter, Teddy," I rejoined, turning the tide of merriment against my gadfly. "He lacks significance to whom nothing is of importance. Life to you, Teddy," I continued, confining my attack to poor Martin, but actually including the majority of my guests in my unpremeditated censure, "life to you, Teddy, is a holiday, wealth is a plaything and I—well, I suppose I'm an ass. But what would you have me do with my new opportunities? To judge from your recent suggestions, you would wish me to make of my existence a kind of permanent merry Christmas, with new toys coming to me at frequent intervals. To my mind, this seems to be losing sight of the real significance of both Christmas and life itself."

"What's your text, Richard?" grumbled Jack Taunton. "Give us the chapter and verse."

Memory came to my assistance at that moment in a most startling, wellnigh uncanny way. A verse from the New Testament that I had long forgotten rushed to my lips:

"'Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.'"

The words had hardly left my tongue when I heard Mr. Brownlow's voice quoting the context:

"'But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.'"

"He knew a thing or two—that young man," remarked Harold Van Zandt irreverently.

"To the poor all things are poor," commented Ben Rogers.

"Give 'em your millions, Dick Remsen, and they'll all be poor again next week—and you'll be one of 'em."

"And somebody as clever as your late uncle Richard will have gathered your shekels unto himself," growled Jack Taunton. "You're the softest thing in the line of millionnaires that I've ever seen."

"Don't be hard on him, Jack," cried Tom Marshall soothingly. "Richard's himself again! He has simply been poking fun at us, for his own amusement—haven't you, Dickie?"

"To tell you the truth, Tom," I answered musingly, "I hardly know just how to reply to you. If I have been cracking a joke at your expense, I am a cad. If I have been preaching a sermon to you, I am a prig. It is not a pleasant choice to make, is it? But I do wish to say, most emphatically, that while I do not feel inclined to scatter my fifty millions to the four winds in the hope that I may thus find my way into the kingdom of heaven, I am not at all desirous of expending my income wholly upon my own selfish pleasures. And if that makes me the softest thing in the way of millionnaires that you have ever seen, Jack Taunton, I'll have to stand for it."

"You're it, all right," commented Taunton gruffly.

"But—ah—what *do* you think of doing with your income, old man?" drawled Teddy Martin. "If I am not mistaken, we are here, pursuant to the late Mr. Remsen's will, to give our host good advice regarding—ah—his future career. If he doesn't take that advice, the estate, as I understand it—ah—reverts to us!"

"HERE'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR HOST AND TO OURSELVES"

CHRISTMAS EVE

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB

Everybody laughed at this, not excepting the ever-solemn Brownlow.

"I am glad you put the matter in that way, Teddy," I remarked, determined to have my say even at the cost of boring my guests. "It establishes your motive for giving me advice that I cannot act upon—a most mercenary motive, I regret to say."

"Cut it short, Richard," cried Ben Rogers testily. "What do you intend to do with your income? Are you going in for charity?"

"He ought to," muttered Jack Taunton. "It covers a multitude of sins."

"And begins at home; remember that, Jack," I retorted. Then I went on, more seriously: "I am not obliged, of course, to come to a decision to-night regarding my career as a multi-millionnaire. It is only fair, however, that, as I have openly rejected your advice, my friends, regarding my expenditures, I should give you an inkling of what I intend to do with my money."

"Hear! Hear!" cried the Anglomaniac.

"In the first place," I continued, "I shall establish a chair of Political Economy, somewhere, in honor of my uncle, John Remsen. He understood the subject."

This was greeted with applause, but I imagined that somebody laughed mockingly.

"Then I shall make a personal, face to face, study of the slums, to see what I can do to relieve the misery of the lower classes."

"What rot!" growled Taunton. "You'll do more harm than good, Dick. You'll merely increase the discontent of the improvident."

I had reseated myself and lighted a cigar. I could see Mr. Brownlow's attentive face through a cloud of tobacco smoke and I knew that he was listening to me intently. Others of my guests seemed to be weary of the subject under discussion, and two or three of them, including Teddy Martin, were indulging somewhat recklessly in the wines and liqueurs. The room, it was evident, was badly ventilated, and I was about to order a waiter to open one of the windows when my nervous system, for the second time, gave proof that I was most deplorably out of condition. I seemed to be seated at a long table upon which beer-mugs, plates of bread and cheese, and a miscellaneous collection of pipes, tobacco-pouches, match-boxes, etc., kept cheap and vulgar company. Surrounding the board sat a group of men, apparently of foreign birth, whose faces varied in expression from the keenly intellectual to the dully stupid. Their talk was of the Christmas customs of their native lands, of medieval survivals in Germany, of wintry merry makings in Russia, of picturesque revels in Norway and Sweden.

"Is it not strange, comrades," said a guttural voice, "that to-day—for it is past midnight—countless millions shall celebrate the nativity of the Christ and to-morrow shall straightway forget the message that He brought to mankind: 'Peace on earth—goodwill to men'? How sweet the words! But is there peace, my comrades; is there goodwill?"

"The Christ came to bring not peace but a sword," urged a wild-eyed man, pounding the table with a huge fist. "There can be no peace on earth until each one of us has what belongs to him—no more, no less."

"And how are you to obtain your share?" I seemed to ask the speaker, though chilled by the gleam of madness in his eyes, fixed upon me at the moment.

"I have a Christmas present for you, Richard," he answered irrelevantly. "You'll find it in the toe of your stocking beside the fireplace at your home. It is small and round and there is a fuse attached to it. It doesn't stop to argue. But you'll find it the most amusing toy that civilization has yet produced. I wish you joy of it, Dickie Remsen!"

I came to my senses with a shudder and found myself arm in arm with Mr. Brownlow walking rapidly down Fifth Avenue toward my apartments.

"You are better, my boy?" asked the lawyer, peering into my face. "I blame myself, Mr. Remsen, for not realizing sooner that your rough voyage had played the dickens with your nerves. You're all right again?"

"Yes, thank you! This cold air is delicious. I'm afraid that my dinner was a failure, Mr. Brownlow."

"On the contrary, my young friend, it was a great success," remarked the lawyer, squeezing my arm cordially. "As I was saying, Mr. Remsen, society's real foes are at the top and at the bottom. The drones at the apex are a menace; the destroyers at the bottom threaten mischief. The salvation of civilization rests with you and me, sir."

We had come to a standstill in front of my doorway.

"It is a heavy burden to carry, Mr. Brownlow," I said, smiling at the sedate lawyer as I gave him my hand. "I thank you for your good offices, sir, and wish you a very merry Christmas."

Mr. Brownlow held my hand in his for a time without speaking. Then he said, gently:

"Great power for good or evil has been placed in your grasp, Mr. Remsen. I feel convinced, sir, that you will prove worthy of the marvellous opportunity that has come to you. Frankly, my friend, you were weighed in the balance to-night."

"And I was not found wanting?" I asked eagerly.

"You stood the test right well, sir," said the lawyer, squeezing my hand again, and then hurrying away like one who fears that he may say too much.

I stood watching Mr. Brownlow's retreating figure for a time until aroused from my revery by the approach of a policeman, who gazed at me inquisitively.

"If you had two millions a year to spend, officer, what would you do with it?" I asked impulsively.

"Well, sorr, I'd take life aisy—and get as dhrunk as you air, sor, ivery night in the year. A merry Christmas to ye, young mon! I think ye'd better get up to bed, sor. Run along, now!"

CHAPTER IV

Christmas Morning

I AWOKE from a deep, dreamless sleep at midday. A feeling of irritation was my first sensation as I recalled with annoyance the unjust accusation that an undiscriminating policeman had made against me. I scowled at Martin as he entered the room and wished me "A Merry Christmas."

"What do you mean, Martin?" I grumbled from my pillow. "How can my Christmas be a merry one? Though I had fifty *billions* of dollars at my disposal, could I buy back my boyhood from old Father Time? Shall I find my stocking hung up outside there? Maudlin sentimentality, did you say, Martin? I am young, rich; my position is assured, my health is fair, and yet you find me here on Christmas morning, Martin, ungrateful for my blessings and craving something—I hardly know what it is—that I don't possess."

"You'll feel better, Mr. Remsen, after you've had your coffee," remarked my unimaginative valet. "There's a caller outside, sir, who says that he has come to breakfast with you."

"The dickens he does! That's kind of him. Who is it, Martin?"

A foolish smile came into my valet's face, as he answered:

"He said, if you asked his name, sir, for me to say 'Santa Claus.'"

I laughed aloud at Martin's discomposure.

"A distinguished guest for Christmas Day," I exclaimed. "Don't spend time upon trifles this morning, Martin! To think that the good Saint should do me this great honor, when I actually assured my guests last night that Santa Claus was dead! Where is he, Martin?"

"In the breakfast-room, sir, reading the morning papers."

My toilet was a hurried one, for I was impatient to welcome my mysterious visitor. I am now inclined to think that I had something more than an inkling of the truth when I left my valet's hands. Astonishment, I am sure, was not my dominant emotion as I stood at the entrance to the breakfast-room and gazed at my guest, who had turned from his newspaper to glance up at me as I appeared.

"Uncle John!" I cried, as the ghost scene from "Hamlet" flashed through my mind.

"Good-morning, Richard," said Mr. Remsen quietly. "I have come to wish you a merry Christmas over your coffee and rolls."

"It is very good of you, sir," I remarked cordially, crossing the room and shaking hands with him. "You seem to be looking pretty well, Uncle John, for a—a—"

"For a disembodied spirit, eh?" suggested Mr. Remsen, laughing aloud. "Well, Richard, if you are ready for breakfast you will see that I have a healthy appetite."

We were silent for a time, while Martin served our coffee.

"You don't seem to be broken-hearted at the sudden loss of a large fortune, Richard," remarked my uncle presently, his bluish-gray eyes smiling at me across the board. His face told something of his history. It was the clearly defined, heavy-jawed countenance of a man of strong will; but a keen observer would have looked in vain for the harshness, selfishness and cruelty that the improvident and unsuccessful so often attribute to the multi-millionnaire.

"I am overjoyed, Uncle John, at what we may call—ah—your recovery," I said earnestly. "Frankly, sir, I have not had a happy moment since Mr. Brownlow informed me that I had come into the possession of fifty millions of dollars."

"I owe you an apology, Richard, for—well, in short, for the whole affair," began my uncle, with great gravity. "It was, perhaps, rather boyish on my part to put the thing through; and it may cause you some annoyance in the future. But I was extremely curious regarding the effect that the unexpected acquisition of my fortune would have upon you, my boy. There was only one way for me to find out, and I took it. To tell you the truth, Richard, I was surprised and delighted at your bearing last night."

"You were at my dinner, then?"

"Yes, I was there," answered Uncle John curtly, without further explanation. "And so you are really pleased at my return from the spirit land? Be frank with me, Richard! Two millions a year would make of you the largest frog in your favorite puddle."

"My favorite puddle," I repeated musingly. "I'm not so sure about that, uncle. I'm afraid that I made myself unpopular last night with my closest friends. I think that I'd better run over to London or Paris for a time, until the storm blows away. Frankly, Uncle John, your—what shall I call it?—experiment, or practical joke, has placed me in a rather awkward position."

"What difference does that make, Richard, if you and I understand each other?" Uncle John's smile was irresistible. It gave me the courage to say:

"But, frankly, sir, I don't understand you. You may have solved *my* equation, but you are a mystery to me. I don't mean to be rude, Uncle John, but frankness sometimes sounds like discourtesy."

Mr. Remsen laughed in my face.

"Am I Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde—St. Nicholas or the Old Nick?" he cried. "Your uncertainty, Richard, is not inexcusable. The public censures me because I have made fifty millions in business and praises me because I spend the larger part of my income in charity. I often wonder myself whether I am a sinner or a saint. A curious confession, is it not?"

I looked my uncle squarely in the eyes.

"Is it not better, then, to be in debt on ten thousand a year than in doubt on two millions?"

"Does that mean, Richard, that you would not accept my fortune upon any conditions—or none? Be careful about your answer, my boy. The situation, practically, is this: Santa Claus comes to you upon Christmas morning with a holiday gift, a prospective fifty millions tucked into the toe of your stocking. You hesitate—perhaps refuse—to receive the present. In that case, Richard, I should be forced to look upon you as a very remarkable young man."

"And you object, Uncle John, to making so radical a change in your opinion of me," I suggested laughingly, as I led the way to my library. Presently Santa Claus and I were seated before an open fire, puffing cigars and contemplating a great crisis in my life through clouds of tobacco smoke. I was the first to break the silence.

"Your logic is at fault, Uncle John," I said argumentatively. "If I were 'a very remarkable young man' I might have the courage to become your heir. But I'm merely a commonplace, average kind of youth, who has undergone a peculiar experience during the last twenty-four hours. I have been forced to the conclusion, sir, that I should be utterly miserable under the obligations that an income of two millions would put upon me."

"To what obligations do you refer?" asked my uncle coldly.

"I should feel keenly the necessity of adopting a new attitude toward the great social problems of our time—a necessity that would develop into a nuisance. Mr. Brownlow said to me early this morning that I had been weighed in the balance and had stood the test. He was mistaken, Uncle John. I have discovered that I am not heavy enough for the rôle of multi-millionnaire."

"Then, as I take it, Richard, you consider my life a failure?" he asked sharply.

"I am not sitting in judgment upon your career, Uncle John," I explained soothingly. "I am merely assuring you that I should make a woful failure of my life, should I be placed in control of the opportunities that you have used so admirably."

Mr. Remsen had arisen and stood gazing down at me, a frown upon his brow and a mocking smile upon his lips.

"And what *are* you making of your life, young man?" he asked bitingly. "You are an idler, a spendthrift, a club lounger. I judged, from what I saw and heard at last night's dinner, that you had in you the making of a man. I come to you this morning and find that my former opinion of you was correct, that you are a mere trifler, a visionary youth whose most worthy motives will never result in action, whose foolish habits are too deeply rooted to be destroyed. I am bitterly disappointed in you, Richard Remsen. I had hoped, by your assistance, to make my millions of service to mankind, our name honored among the world's philanthropists. But, alas! I must go my own way alone! Good-by, Richard!"

Uncle John's concluding sentence sounded like a cross between a sigh and a groan. I stood motionless, silent, vainly seeking words that should voice my gratitude and regret. My head throbbed feverishly and seemed to beat time to the refrain of an old song that jingled in my memory: "Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer."

Mr. Remsen turned at the doorway and gazed at me over his shoulder. His face was sad and reproachful, but there was no change in his mood.

"I'll send you a check to-morrow, young man, large enough to get you out of debt. That's all that I shall ever do for you, and it's more than you have a right to expect! Good-day!"

"Uncle John—" I faltered, but he had disappeared and presently I heard my outer door close with a bang. My valet entered the library at that moment.

"Santa Claus has gone, Martin?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," answered my man, smiling grimly. "He seemed very much annoyed, sir."

"Martin," I asked solemnly, reseating myself before the fire and lighting a fresh cigar, "Martin, what would you do if somebody offered you fifty millions of dollars as a Christmas gift?"

My matter-of-fact valet gazed at me blankly for a moment. Then he said, with emphasis:

"I'd take 'em, Mr. Remsen—with thanks, sir."

Somehow, Martin's answer intensified my growing feeling of self-satisfaction. After all, I had forced Uncle John to look upon me as "a very remarkable young man."

THE END

THE NORWEIGIAN "DERBY"

(SEE PAGE 32)

WHEN Frithjof Nansen made his Greenland trip and crossed the inland ice-field from coast to coast, the Norwegian ski was his greatest aid. It is said that nearly seven hundred years ago Haakon Haakonson, one of the early Norway kings, was protected from those who meant to slay him by being carried away by two skimen, who kept him hidden until the danger was past. Scandinavia is the home of the ski, or snow-skate, and it is there that one sees the sport in its perfection. A little town in Norway called Thellmarken boasts itself as the actual origin of the ski, and in this Norseland country that claim seems to be accepted. In northern Scandinavia the ski is a necessity, for there travelling without it would be well-nigh impossible, and it is as much a part of the home's equipment as a pair of shoes would be in our country. The ski is not so much a snow-shoe as a snow-skate.

The ski is a narrow strip from six to eight feet in length, turned up at the forward end, smooth on the bottom, but having a shallow groove running longitudinally the length of the ski, about half an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch deep. This groove prevents the ski from sliding off on the snow sidewise. The ski is fastened by a strap running over the ball of the foot, and the skiman carries a staff in his hand for guiding and breaking. This staff has a piece set on it about six inches from the sharpened point called a ball, which prevents the staff from being pushed too far into the snow. That, in brief, is the description of the ski common to Scandinavia.

In these cold and snowy countries skiing is a necessity; but there is also another side to it, for contests of all kinds on skis are indulged in, and this national sport of Norway and Sweden produces, most naturally, annual tournaments. The contests at these tournaments are varied, but include two features; namely, running on the skis, and leaping. There are also at times various combination contests; such as races between four men, mounted on two pair of skis; obstacle races, races combining speed and picking up articles from the surface when going at high speed; and in fact almost every kind of innovation such as is added to any racing contest.

The leaping, however, is the most interesting of all, and, as shown in our illustrations, a most exciting contest. Especial places are built for this purpose, and leaps of over one hundred feet from the edge of the *precipe* to the landing spot are recorded. The method of building up the *precipe* for this leap varies according to the conditions, but when finished it should have a good long run; that is, a declivity of a considerable distance leading down to the point where the leap is to be attempted, in order that the skiman may get a good pace on. Some runs are made even a couple of miles in length, in which the leaper secures a frightful momentum. In judging the leaps there are sometimes other considerations than the actual distance, but there are leaps where distance cleared alone counts. When style or form is taken into consideration, the man making the leap not only must land properly, and without a tumble, but with grace, and his flight through the air as well as his taking off are also considered. The landing-place is not a flat surface, but is a continuous decline to prevent the shock or jar that would be incident to the abruptness of the stop in landing upon a plain surface. Besides the leaping, distance running is often a feature of the various tournaments, and good men will cover something over eight miles in an hour.

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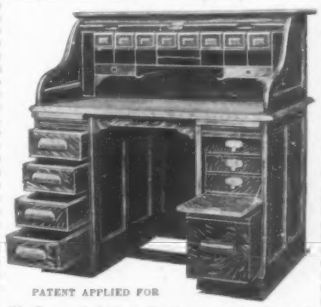

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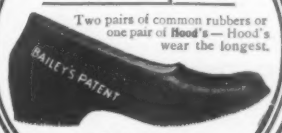

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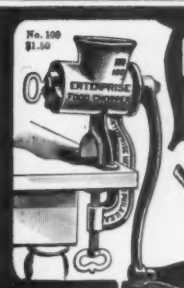

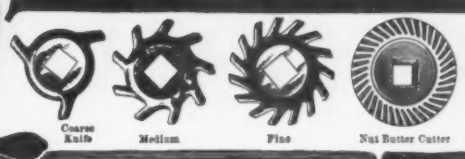

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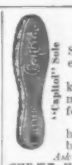

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ROUND THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH

Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

YOUNG PEOPLE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

IN THESE DAYS, when all the world of youth is at school, the Christmas holidays take on additional value from the fact that at that time the youth are returned to their families. This applies almost equally to those who go to school daily from the home as to those abroad at college or seminary; for the modern reading of education demands relentless and uninterrupted pursuit of knowledge from kindergarten days.

One of the pleasant sights just before Christmas is the arrival of the army of incoming students. It may be watched at any of the great railroad stations, and is a spectacle to thrill, whether or not in the crowd of bright faces and eager stepping figures one's own is counted. Youth dominates the supreme holiday of the year, and school youth, in particular, is its king!

Social plans from Christmas to Twelfth Night are laid to include the young folks down to the smallest child, and no home is so modest that some festivity catering to them may not be arranged. They are easily amused always, blessed as they are with the touchstone of youth to illumine every act. Things have not become old to them. The answer of the little girl who replied to the question, "How old are you?" "I am not old at all, I am almost new," typifies the spirit of their kind.

A tea for the college girl is a simple entertainment that gives infinite pleasure to herself and her young friends. Older folk, weary of this form of hospitality, find it difficult to appreciate just how much delight it still gives to young people. The youth of both sexes may be included in the cards, if desired, as holiday boys as well as holiday girls like something to occupy their days. Book parties, peanut hunts, the familiar but still popular progressive euchre parties, and always a dance, are welcome. A Dickens evening offers a pleasant variety. The company are expected to personate Dickens characters, quotations from the author are added to the invitations, and copies of his works form prizes for those who most successfully sustain the chosen character. A prize party is a pretty holiday entertainment, where every game played has a little reward for the most proficient, the list of games to include a variety likely to be familiar to every one. A delightful Christmas entertainment of last year was carried out in the attic of a country house in which was given a winter picnic. Christmas trees were set about for the necessary woods, and small twigs and moss strewn on the floor to further the illusion of a forest setting. A basket picnic luncheon was the supper and a Maypole dance one of the features of the evening.

For small children a conundrum party always interests. Each child is requested to bring four riddles, not original, with him or her. These are asked during the evening and prizes awarded to the most expert guessers.

A Mother Goose reception, too, is a gay frolic for young folks, and a phantom party is easily managed and always much enjoyed. This admits of variations, as one elects. Sometimes each phantom guest receives on entering the room a single bright thread of the Web of Fate. These are hung over the chandelier, portiere pole or other conspicuous place, and each thread is wound by its recipient through much deviation till the fate, written on a roll of paper and tied with a bit of ribbon, is found in some out-of-the-way place. The sport runs high when the guests begin to read their destinies.

Parties arranged to visit various places of interest in and about the city will occupy day-time hours agreeably and profitably. Any pretext, it will be found, that keeps the young folks together, even under the simplest form of entertainment, will readily, in that jocund period of life, produce the "fine time" which in youthful parlance means the climax of pleasure.

M. H. WELCH.

THE STRANGER'S CHILDREN

AT THE back of the house where the children dwell—the child of tumult, his little equable sister, and the rest—runs a small street with shops and lodgings. At nearly every window children appear, and sometimes they lean so far out of the upper windows that the question has been much discussed whether a present of nursery window-bars would be received with little or with much contempt, or would be used or refused. The children did not encourage the project. They said that their opposite neighbors were very proud children. And how did they show this passion? it was asked. "Well, mother, they come to the window, and black their boots at us."

Of all the many surprises of childish replies this was not the least. Nor did the children give it except in the most ingenuous good faith. They had no misgiving as to the interpretation of the action on the other side of the road, though there had been no exchange of verbal defiances, overt or covert, as, "Do you black your boots at us, sir?" "I do black my boots, sir." "Do you black your boots at us, sir?" "No, sir, I do not black my boots at you, sir; but I black my boots, sir." The demonstration was not one of hostility—"I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list"—but of sole, sufficient pride, silent, detached, lifted between heaven and earth, at the second floor windows of its appropriate street. It seemed quite impossible for a mere grown-up person to introduce doubts, and quite useless to suggest how far removed from the pomps of pride is the usual symbolism of blacking and of boots. No doubt the children were right, and they declined our symbolism on their own good authority.

The conclusion as to the boots had probably its obscure justification, for the children are disposed to friendliness, and would be inclined rather to a lenient than to a severe interpretation of the act of blacking, were there room for doubt. At the windows of a more remote row of houses appeared the heads of other children, of whom Pride seemed to have made no victims. At least there appeared no sign of blacking. With them the more usually intelligible language of toys was in vogue. At long range—so long that a walking duck could not possibly be distinguished from an alligator, and dolls looked as much alike as the heroines of fiction, new and old—toy was held up in friendly and sympathetic rivalry with toy, and across intervening roofs, by means that yet remain a mystery, the pet names of the children had been communicated and exchanged.

There never was so enterprising and prosperous a friendship. The delays and reserves of acquaintance begun in ordinary ways never troubled this mutual advance. Or so it seemed. But with some surprise the mother of the little girls, walking with them, perceived that they cast looks askance, neither all strange nor in any wise intimate, at another walking group, equally *farouche*, and gloomy with an equal kind of unavowed intelligence. Afraid lest her children should have committed the *grossièreté* of making enemies, the uneasy mother asked them, in their unwonted silence, who it was that they seemed to be cutting. She was then told that these children, seen at full length, were they whose eager heads were invested with so much childish friendship in the windows under the skies. Within an hour or so after that meeting on earth, with its shadowy strangeness and vigilance of eyes, all was restored at the high back windows, and a London sunset showed the ambiguous toys—new ones, just bought in the course of that walk estranged—the signalling hands, and the jostling heads unequal of height, at their former intercourse, candid, clear, familiar, and full of spirit and light. Distance seemed to set these gallant little creatures free from some of the disadvantages of the world and from the embarrassment of crowds. They were, perhaps, set again in a world barely sprinkled with people within hail of one another, glad of recognition, and made friends by the mere fresh air.

But the cloudy defiances of the back street seemed to be equally due to the liberty of space. The children of pride were watched passing in the street, perhaps in the very boots new-blacked, with no more sombre eye than that which marked the going of the less haughty children of the toys.

Probably it was the childish solitude that made communication so clear. Almost painful still is the remembrance of introductions in childhood. To be placed in face of three little natives in white embroidery and bidden to talk to them in Genoese, or in any human tongue, with parents artificially listening, as a compliment to one another! There are moments that are literally difficult to live through, and this seemed to be one of them. Solitude and a garden hedge between, or some other such slight defence and distance, and the Genoese would have flowed.

Nor can one easily forget the unexpressed misgivings of those invitations in the gardens of the Tuileries. It was already depressing enough to stand on a counter and to be told by the modiste that one ought to have the *petit jupon bouffant* which one had not, and that no jacket would have justice without it; but to be accosted under this disability, by the children of Paris, by little girls plainly seen to be wearing *petits jupons bouffants*—this was the cause of a dumb shyness. "*Veux-tu venir jouer avec moi?*" So ran the invariable invitation of the charming Parisians, little children so well civilized as to need no defences, no barriers, no return to the spaces and the distances of birds in search of primitive confidence, or to the rarity of angels in quest of natural courage. The English child has bequeathed to all the future years of life the sense of national defeat that attended the consent to that game. If Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton, it has been many times avenged on the playing-grounds of the gardens of the Tuileries.

Otherwise, and the conditions being more nearly equal, to play with strangers, to play internationally, was a great de-

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light. The game, being all dramatic, did away with any need for knowledge of the actor. Since yonder boy was a spirited horse, his temper as a mere boy was of slight importance. There was no necessity even for names when the children were one and all terra-cotta pipkins for sale, to be lifted by the crooked handles of their arms, and to be tested for soundness by their voices under a blow. Quarrels never arose in these encounters of an hour; there was never an opportunity for a fight, and none of the claims of personality were tangled in the partnerships of those gay devices. Our playfellows were toys of the liveliest animation.

One only remembrance is fraught with some self-reproach; it is that of two very little English girls, who chose to frighten all the children of an Italian village and sweep the hills of them. It was done without malice—it was so easy—and without violence except that of mere running. It is sad to think that the population was so gentle that its full number of children, boys and girls, of every age, was thus to be tumbled down the slopes of all the chestnut woods, by the onset of a couple of capricious strangers. Yet so it was. The day was a *festa*, for the children, carrying their shoes, were strolling on the mountain-side between the cypresses and the bells, in groups, the girls with their hair braided, and all clad in a little linen stuff of a tiny check of purple and red, of the local weaving. All things go in unequal groups on such an afternoon—little companies of church-bell tunes, young men playing at bowls—no one alone. The village children loitered principally about the steep avenues to the church. When the two slender invaders began to give chase, the first group scattered, and then another, perhaps ignorant how little formidable was the danger; then a third broke, a fourth wheeled. Young Italians do not run without clamors, and the outcries of the dismay of all these children seemed the wilder that their two hunters kept their breath for the chase. One swept the woods, the other took the head of the climbing road. They joined, and closed upon their quarry, or in open order cut off the flight of single fugitives.

Not one of the villagers stopped or turned upon them. There was not one found to resist or so much as to question the pursuit. They cried out to each other, pointing the probable way of safety as they ran. That they must run was the one thing they were sure of, and they sped over rough and smooth, heads down, so that the heights were presently clear of them, and their last clamor dropped as they ran into the shelter of the village street, like the cries of birds that wheel and settle after an alarm. The representatives of the advancing races, who cannot have measured nine feet between them, sat down in the conquered district, flushed with victory. Alas! ALICE MEYNELL.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

"PURCHASED in rage and bestowed in despair," says Mr. Howells pithily in a bit of talk about Christmas gifts, and his estimate of the situation is partly true. But only partly, for few engagements of the year yield quite the unalloyed pleasure to women that they find in buying holiday presents. There is a distinct flavor of delight in getting the most one can for one's money, and the element of secrecy and surprise is another ingredient in the cup of sweetness, while the Christmas rush carries every one along in a breathless whirl of excitement which no one dislikes. Even the aged and invalid find diversion in the holiday shopping, the former entering into it with the zest of children and the latter forgetting pains and aches under the enchantment of a novel mental process. For the secret at the core of holiday shopping is unselfishness, and whatever leads us out of ourselves cheats us of suffering and infirmity.

The problem of Christmas shopping is very much simplified if the buyer has a substantial bank account. Then, gems and silver and laces and cut-glass and tapestries and carvings may be sent to the dear ones, and the woman does not live whose pulse is insensible to the snowdrift beauty of real lace, nor the imprisoned radiance of costly jewels. Next in power to give pleasure to the possessor are exquisite fabrics in linen, and here the variety is fabulous, while the prices range from the limit of frugality to the high-water mark of extravagance. A present of table linen or of delicate lingerie for individual use may fitly be given in the family, and may be chosen for papa by his daughters as a gift from him to his wife. "What does your mother want, my dear?" is a frequent household inquiry of the helpless sex, a man seldom having the slightest idea of selection where his wife and the girls are concerned. Usually he gets out of the difficulty by drawing a check, or handing over a roll of bills, and leaving the responsibility of the shopping which he does not understand on the hands of those who do. Equally there arises a grave and perplexing wonder about what to buy for John, in the minds of his womankind, the articles for choice in John's case—after pipes and tobacco-cases, slippers and house-jackets have been enumerated—being pitifully meagre. However, we all struggle happily through the maelstrom and come out on the other side of Christmas, little the worse for our holiday giving and receiving.

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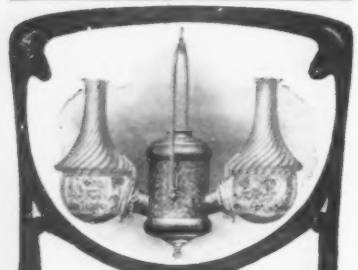

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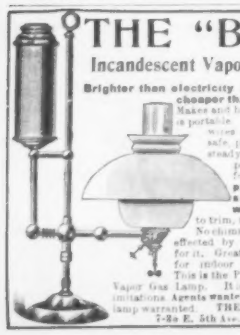

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BERNHARDT IN "L'AIGLON"

BY

NORMAN HAPGOOD

SARAH BERNHARDT'S acting in Rostand's latest drama seems to me the most wonderful stage performance I have ever seen. Memory is like water, and the impressions of a boy in college are ruled by laws different from those which guide the accustomed theatre critic; but, calculating as best I can all the results of distance and perspective, with all loyalty to Salvini's outlaw, Samson, and Othello to Booth's Hamlet, Iago, Lear, and Richelieu, and with Sir Henry Irving fresh in my memory, the Frenchwoman's autumnal triumph seems, if we consider range, detail and power, the greatest histrionic exhibition of my life. If it is not as full of the whirlwind in spots as it might have been a dozen years ago, the loss is far more than made good by the concentration of the actress on her task, her obvious interest in her rôle, and her determination to use without an error the immense group of talents at her disposal. Sheer force is a necessary part of the greatest acting, and there have been times when Madame Sarah made it practically the only part, walking through a rôle which she saved only by moments of concentrated furious energy. Happily her days of Sardou are past, and she turns in the last glorious years of her life to Shakespeare and to Rostand. What a career it is! To think that in 1867 this woman had already been in the Français and left it for the Gymnase. Back again to the Français for years, away again, over Europe, America, South America, back again to Paris, to conquer that flirting city with an overwhelming performance of her young poet's masterpiece. Her name is writ large across the sky of history. A woman does not hold the world like this for forty years and stand in the end much below Rachel.

Those most severely trained in things dramatic, and hence most aware of the meanings, difficulties and perfections of technique, will celebrate most loudly Bernhardt's "Eaglet." It is true—it is even traditional—that one of the greatest gifts in acting is the power to pose. Your great sculptor gives to his stone a position which in itself commands attention and submission. Sarah Bernhardt, almost as motionless as a statue, draws the eye as a magnet draws filings. Perhaps of all the masterly feats scattered through "L'Aiglon" the most potent and flawless is accomplished through the power to pose. It is when, for line after line, page after page, Coquelin is disclaiming the buoyant words of old Flambeau. For minutes unbroken Bernhardt sits and listens. She does not obtrude, or take the foreground, or catch attention by any trick of face or body. She simply listens, rapt, glowing, happy, feeling that great "at last." Her life's dream passes with hypnotic brilliancy before her. It possesses her. There is the old soldier, the real thing, the imperial guard. "At last!" A monosyllable to the page, as Coquelin races on, falls to Bernhardt, or half a line—it hardly matters, complete silence would do as well; yet, gloriously as those tirades are delivered by the master of elocution, his countrywoman sitting before him rises higher with her simple "Ah!" Not a trick, mind you, not a single trick; the bare simplicity of true genius. "Will you listen thus?" exclaims the traitor Marmont. "No not thus, but standing," the Eaglet says; and how quietly Bernhardt says it; how indifferent she seems as to whether Marmont hears or we applaud, rapt as she is in her own romance. We learn from history Low Mrs. Siddons struggled with "we fail" in Lady Macbeth, and finally chose the simplest way. In "L'Aiglon" the wonderful power of imaginative calm is shown more than once by Bernhardt's genius. It is without a sign of stress that she says to Marmont "*misérable!*" Without a mark of emphasis, when the insulting Metternich asks where the Austrians are, she says, "They've run away." And, again, the death. How wonderful in quiet, how poignant in beauty, how gently the sadness and the mystery of that universal knell inwrap our souls through Bernhardt's mind, imaginative and bright, taking in and giving out the truth of death with the light of art.

Yet these effects of calm are not in the method of modern realism. Heaven forefend! Bernhardt's acting is in high relief, not low. She belongs to flamboyant art, if you will, not gray; and in all the greatest art the colors are strong, the effects are heightened, a general stroke, untrue to life, sums up the soul of a hundred lesser lines as they actually exist. I have heard it objected that her power is that of a tigress, not a woman; that her voice does what no woman's voice can do; that she is therefore not the character, but outside of it, exhibiting not its nature but her own powers. This criticism is not without its basis. Sometimes, even in "L'Aiglon," she does what she did so much in Sardou. She recites a few speeches, notably one to her history teachers about Napoleon's triumphs, in the manner of a racehorse, forcing admiration for the record-breaking pace, but stepping quite outside the play. These displays of mere technician, however, are rare, and are recognized as a mistake by her warmest votaries. This obvious excess apart, some natures, for which the ideal is the human art of Duse, are repelled or chilled by a genius in which all the colors have an unnatural glow. To many such, the dramas of Shakespeare are unreal as opera. So be it. To me the opera is as real as the London "Times." Life as I see it, life as I care for it, character as it counts in the deeper happiness of beauty, art when it frees—these are her realities when Bernhardt is at her best.

So much for the larger inspiration. She also "knows her trade like an angel," as Fromentin said of Rubens, and to know one's trade is so large a part of genius! Take it at its lowest, in her most natural, ominous, yet perfectly unobtrusive cough, in her signs of deafness at the end, or in that make-up, the wonder of actors, in which not only the young man, but the son of Napoleon, is so convincingly presented, and we see the lower needs of art perfectly met. It is one of the signs of her professional thoroughness that Bernhardt wore her Duke's clothes about her house in daily life so long before her first appearance. "L'Aiglon" is made up of a multitude of points, little as well as big, and it is a central merit of Bernhardt's performance that she makes each effect and yet leaves the impression of multiplicity less than the feeling of unity and bigness. Rostand has an eye primarily for the stage, and he tends to fill his plays even too full of dramatic effects. The central theme is often obscured by the miscellaneous assortment of situations specially devised for the actor. This is less true of "L'Aiglon" than of "Cyrano," and yet there is so much of it in the later play that as much skill is needed to keep the details in their place as to execute them singly. Not only does every act strike a different note, but each act is composed of salient parts not very inevitably related. When Bernhardt first appeared on the stage, and I felt her rich and powerful temperament, I feared the fragile Eaglet might disappear in a series of powerful acting fragments. But it is not so. She keeps the character intact, bending her own absolutely dissimilar nature in loyal submission to the task before her. It is not the Duke of history, but it is absolutely the Duke of Rostand, showing to the full the charm and the spirit that won adherents, but never forgetting the feebleness that made every effort futile. In the first act the Eaglet's wings are merely growing. He is a boy, loved, Byronic, with a temper that flashes up now and then with a faint suggestion of his father. The gentleness, the soft quality of the young man's bitterness, are given at once by Bernhardt, who keeps the flashes, like the Duke's exclamation when he finds that the flag, too, is changed, or his request for eagles on his buttons, down to the plane of submissive doubt. His brain is not ripe. He is "honest in default of genius." Only once is the tone broken in this act. Bernhardt is charming in her gay, mocking, almost happy laughter, when the history teachers are unrolling their lies. She is truly, as one of them says, in a merry humor. Then comes the outbreak, and the mistaken Bernhardt tirade. Excited it should be, but the circus quality is unmistakable.

"L'AIGLON." SCENE FROM ACT II.

In the second act the Eaglet's wings are opening. The now famous "but" speech begins, in which Bernhardt's sarcasm is almost light; but stronger moments follow. He is still "a

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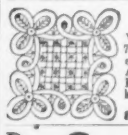

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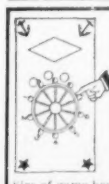

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pallid visage watching at a window," a mind that cannot rid itself of doubt, but the bells and guns clash louder in his soul. He shivers still when Metternich lashes him with honeyed wit, but he is no longer as sure of his unripeness for the throne. He tears the letters of women (how sad and winning is Bernhardt there!), and plays with his mimic soldiers—one of the noblest pieces of acting given by the great actress in the whole play. How dead that scene can be any one may learn by going to the Knickerbocker. How superb it may be, how stirring with its suggestions of Napoleon's real battles, how full of high irony in the fact that they are painted toys, any one ought to learn from the work of Bernhardt. In no other place is her *panaché* more in sight, that symbol of exuhant vitality which Cyrano kept waving to his death. Fancy takes the reins, and she plays with the soldiers like a poetic magician toying with rainbow truth and fiction. She is "magnificent" in that scene, and in the victory over Marmont, as the words of the play call upon her to be; the Eaglet has enough of his father's face, frown and haughty gesture to conquer the traitor; Flambeau's speech still further exalts him, his symbols of his popularity encourage him—and how Bernhardt and Coquelin work together in this scene over the trinkets bearing his form or name! Joy, pure, hopeful, young, and merry joy, become hers, and Coquelin, who disappointed me on the whole by forcing laughs out of the old grenadier at the expense of the part, is perfect in legitimate comedy here, as he is perfect in elocution in the long speeches immediately preceding.

In the third act, Bernhardt has to show *les ailles qui battent*, the feeble wings beating desperately in the attempt to take an eagle's flight. She opens with sweetness, pleading with the Emperor with gracious youthful charm not, to my imagination at least, to be surpassed. She sits upon his chair and coaxes him with the fascination of a girl of twenty, without losing the sex. Hope mounts high, the boy loves his grandfather, and the actress is one with his young content. The cold shade of Metternich darkens the room. Bernhardt's face drops to despair. There is no sharpness in this change. Sudden as it is, it is as natural as the "all is lost" with which she greets the vision. As he masks his purpose hope flickers again, to die a miserable death by degrees before the sinister statesman. Perfect ease and wonderfully illuminating detail mark Bernhardt's progress through these scenes. "He had but to ask, and emperors gave their daughters to this soldier." Quiet as it is, from the half-crushed Eaglet the answer thrills. Then comes a task which it seems to me Bernhardt just fails to meet. In the great duel before the mirror Desjardins is superb, as he is throughout the play, so that if there is something lacking here the fault is not his. As he is nobly calm, clear and confident throughout, so here he is strong, masterful, terrible in truth—an actor of classic finish who calls up to my mind, by his style of art, my happiest evenings at the Français. Bernhardt's acting, as he tells her why the Duke is haughty, sorrowful and charming, what a timid, introspective king he would make, with his brow of languid yearning, is equal at least to his, pathetic in terror, magical in the way (who knows how?) that she suggests a mighty charm holding her to a sight from which her soul revolts. Only at the very end does disappointment come. When Bernhardt breaks the mirror and faints there is some fault in the "business," for there is no thrill, no shudder, as there should be. I think a purely theatrical trick would save the point. Rostand directs her to "hurl" the chandelier into the glass. Bernhardt pushes it in, with a half-hearted, backward gesture. Also, in the second that remains before the curtain she is not right. She is too dazed, and she ought at least to seem to take clearly Metternich's last blow.

FLAMBEAU (M. COQUELIN) SHOWS THE DUC DE REICHSTADT (MME. BERNHARDT) PROOFS OF HIS POPULARITY IN PARIS

The Duke (hurling the chandelier into the glass): "'Tis shattered! Not one remains. Not one!"

Metternich (pointing at the Duke with a terrible gesture): "Yes! One!"

The Duke: "No, no! It is not I! Not I! My father! Help!"

Bernhardt slurs that. She does not punctuate it with the right spaces. I write this timidly enough, feeling the weight of her judgment as well as of her genius, and yet it seems to lie beyond a doubt.

Another mistake injures the theatrical high point of the drama, the mystical scene upon the field of Wagram. This is where the Eaglet's wings are finally shattered. Bernhardt, wishing to go forward, yet unable, combines well the final picture of doubt with the something magnetic which makes the Countess say, "That voice! Ah, hapless child! You would have made a leader." Her mistake begins when the voices from the ground begin to mingle with the wind. Their real nature is shown by the Duke's own words: "Horrible! The wooden soldiers ranged upon my table." But in this production the machinery is unhappily literal. There is none of the mystery of a dream, none of the remoteness and vagueness of a background for the imagination. Large ghosts, out of perspective with the landscape, rise again and again in the same places, and the noises are loud and insistent. Bernhardt might once, in the greater volume of her voice, have met more victoriously such needless mechanical competitors; but why try it even then, especially now when her voice is less adequate, and when she might emerge so nobly if she trusted more in this scene to the power of imagination?

Carlyle says somewhere, in effect, that a strong man is not he who has a fit and needs a dozen men to hold him, but he who can carry a heavy weight for a long time. It is not because of any single *tour-de-force*, but on account of her sustained power and variety, through a part calling for so much, that Sarah Bernhardt's performance in "L'Aiglon" is so very great.

WHEN CHESTNUTS SWELL THE TURKEY

When chestnuts swell the turkey,
And raisins puff the pie,
And holly wreaths in windows hang,
And all good people try
To put their best foot forward,
And fill the earth with cheer—
Those are the signs of Christmas
That comes but once a year.

Outside the flower-store windows
Stand trees in green array,
High, too, the grocers pile them,
But fast they're borne away.
Deep laden trudge the postmen,
And parcels mountain high
In cart and mobe and wagon
From dawn till night sweep by.

The markets—oh, to see them!
The toy shops words defy!
The book shops jammed, all stores tight crammed,
With givers out to buy.
It's this for Jack and that for Joan—
Good-natured all the throng,
For Christmas just so often comes
And stays but just so long.

Oh windows of the bake shops!
Oh candy shops' excess!
Oh huge department stores where throngs
In jostling zeal progress!
Ferries and railway stations
Where homebound crowds converge—
For home's the place at Christmas time,
As moralists all urge.

With all thy cheery bustle
What keeps my heart in tune?
What certifies that holidays
Can't come a day too soon?
Rejoice, good folks, I'm with you!
Let mirth enlarge her sway!
My little lad gets home from school
At four o'clock to-day.

Hang up your stocking, Susan,
The longest one you've got;
And yours, my Jane, no longer small,
And Jonas his: I wot
They'll all be filled, but not so full
As that that hangs for me,
And seems to hold when Christmas comes—
By grace of Heaven—you three.

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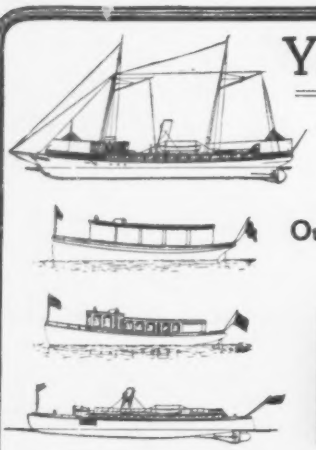

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MODERN FABLES By GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE WEAK BROTHER WHO MADE PEOPLE THINK OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

ONCE there was a Man who lived in the same Hall Bed-Room for 14 Years, because he never could Catch Even on the Rent. It was a snug little Box-Stall, and with better Ventilation it would have been almost as comfortable as some Cells. There were raspy Lace Curtains on the Windows. The Man used to scratch Matches on them. Also there were two Paintings. One was either a Landscape or a Marine, and the Second represented a Human Being with his Hair combed the Way the Barber will comb it unless you stop him. The Landlady said it was a Picture of her Dead Cousin. Cousin looked the Part.

The Roomer would come Home about once a Day and climb over the Paste-Board Trunk and look out at the Roof of the adjoining House, and then decide to Go Out and stay as Late as possible. He ate at a Restaurant in which Tall Waitresses with Belladonna Eyes and False Frizzes showed a Partiality for the Customers who Waxed their Mustaches. He was accustomed to Bolt his Food, while some one named Gert leaned a Tray against him and entreated Laura in the Kitchen to Cut a Hot Mince and let the Fried Sweets come along with the Medium Sirloin.

When he received his Biennial Bid to go around to some Private House and pretend to be a White Person for an Hour or so at a Time, he took his Chop-House Manners with him. He would feel around his Plate for the little Yellow Ticket with the Granulated Sugar caked on it, and perchance he would ask the Maid if she had an Evening Paper lying around loose.

He had formed certain Habits inseparable from the Rank Outsiders and the Hoi Polloi. It was Second Nature for him to plant both Elbows on the Table and use the Celery as a Whisk Broom, and try to balance the Knife on the Fork, and spill some Salt on the Table-Cloth and write his Name in it with a Tooth-Pick. He needed a Check-Rein and Hobbles to hold him back in his Chair and keep him from Playing with the Table-Ware.

About the Time that he was 40 and a confirmed Reuben, he got in with the Rise in Industrials, and the Wave of Prosperity carried him out the Hall Bed-Room and landed him in a Suite that he called a Suit.

He crowded his Luck and Parleed his Bets. Things came his way and he decided that he might as well begin to Mingle with the Face Cards and make up for Lost Time. He had read in a Bitter Editorial somewhere that any one who had the Stuff could work the Open Sesame on the 400, and he was willing to relinquish a few Shares of Sante Fe Preferred in order to see his Name linked with those of the Butterflies of Fashion. He had noticed that every one Made Fun of the People in Society and tried to get Acquainted with them, and he was Willing to be a Member of the Despised Faction. Besides, he wanted to take a Fall out of the Social Life of the Time, in order to appease his Curiosity and find out if it was as Gay as it had seemed to One standing outside with the Coachmen and getting now and then a Glimpse through the Plate Glass Windows.

A Piano-Player who went right into the Best Houses unless they happened to hear about it in Time said he would Fix it for him. So the Hall Bed-Room Man had a lot of Clothes made with Silk Lining, whether it showed or not, for he was Determined to be the real Peruvian Doughnuts, and there wasn't a Thing to it.

He realized that he would have to get some Inside Information on Etiquette, Table Manners and Good Form, but he thought about three Lessons would put him in Condition to Saunter into any Drawing-Room and set Everybody to Whispering about him.

There were just a few Points that he wanted to straighten out before he took his Header into the Swim. He had heard that a True Gentleman must or must not wear a Bob-Tailed Coat with a Tall Hat, but he could not remember which. Furthermore, he had a Dim Idea that any one wearing a Tuxedo would have to cut out the Tan Shoes or else have the Lorgnettes pointed at him. He had heard, also, that it was considered Rough Work to eat Peas with a Spoon, or possibly a Fork, or perhaps a Knife. So he always passed up the Petit Pois when any one was watching him, and merely ate a little Bread with a Fork, because that was a Cinch.

The Piano-Player had suggested to him in a roundabout Way that any one who put a Napkin inside of his Collar or wore a striped Bow with a Full Dress would be termed a Cad by those who had been as far as Boston and Back, and never to wear Yellow Gloves at a Ball, or it would be a Case of the Blue Wagon.

He found it was quite a Jump from a Hall Bed-Room and a Home-Cooked Meal for 25c. to the Society of Large Gloomy Ladies who

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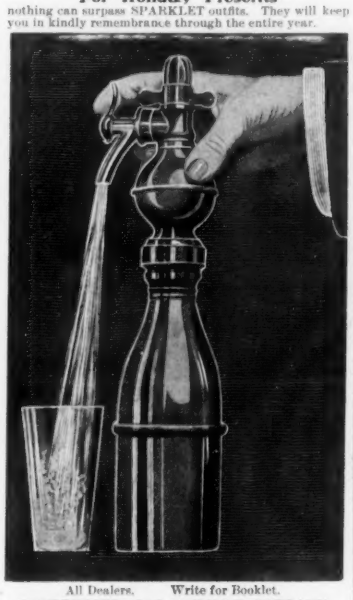

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used the Side of the Spoon instead of the End and could pronounce Blanc Mange without a Quiver. He began to understand that he had shouldered quite a Contract when he tried to break away from the Herd and run forward with the Bell-Cows.

Still, he made a Flying Start. The Piano-Player worked him into a Dinner Party, because nearly every one had sent Regrets on account of the Hostess being seen a great deal with her Husband, and it was supposed there must be something Wrong. Besides, she did not want to have just Thirteen at the Table, and that is how the Hall Bed-Room Man wedged in. He received his Invitation at 6.15, and at 6.45 he was on the Spot with a new Pair of Patent Leathers that still showed the Size Mark on the Bottom when he jauntily crossed his Legs to show that he was at Ease.

He noticed that he was the only Gentleman present who wore Turquoise Studs, with a Black Handkerchief folded across the Abdominal Region so as to produce a Dressy Effect. He feared that he was not as de Rigueur as some of the Boys that had been in the Game for a Season or more, and it Rattled him so that he used the Large Spoon for the Blue Points and the Coffee Spoon for the Potage. He tried to watch the Others to see which Implement to pick up next, but most of them were taking Desperate Chances, the same as he was. By the Time he reached Ice Cream he had no Tools left except a cute little Harpoon and something that looked like a Surgical Instrument.

He rather Tripped up on the Conversation too, for he had not learned to play Golf and never had been to see the Rogers Brothers. Once he thought he saw an Opening, and he offered to show his new $200 Watch, but every one started to Talk about something else, and the Piano-Player kicked him under the Table.

He went home from the Dinner wondering if he wouldn't do better on the Night Shift at the Glue Works than in the Front Row at a Function.

When a Woman sent him her Card with "Thursdays" written in the Lower Left Corner, he didn't know whether he should Write, Mail a Card, send Flowers, or regard it as an Effort on her part to make a Date.

He saw that there were a great many Fine Points in the Society Racket that were New Ones on him.

So he went out and bought a Little Book written by a Space Man living in a Stag Hotel, informing People how to Behave so as to give the Impression that they were Well-Bred, no matter what the Facts might be.

He went up to his Suite and read the Book, and discovered that during the whole 40 Years of his life he never had done anything According to Hoyle.

He had been accustomed to carry his Laundry with him each Saturday Evening. The Book said that carrying a Bundle in the Street was little worse than Sheep-Stealing, and almost as bad as beating a Crippled Child with a Mallet.

He nearly choked with Shame when he read that any one who played a combination of Frock Coat and low Derby was guilty of a Misdemeanor, and to omit the Stick or Umbrella was nothing short of a High Crime.

It said that all Vegetables should be carried on the Fork. He did not believe it could be done at all, except after Years of Rehearsals.

He read that Men must not wear Jewelry. He had always supposed that no Man could be out-and-out Genteel on anything less than 14 Carats.

Then there was something more about the Spoon. Any one leaving a Spoon in the Cup could be set down as a Boor, whatever that meant. And any one breaking Crackers into the Soup deserved to be Drawn and Quartered.

But what Stopped him was the Warning that no one drinking from the Saucer could be tolerated in the Best Circles. He wondered if a Man ought to Scald himself, merely to be Correct.

When he concluded the Book and perceived that he had invariably violated every Rule from A to Z, he knew that he did not belong, and never would, so he blew out the gas, and they found Him there in the Morning.

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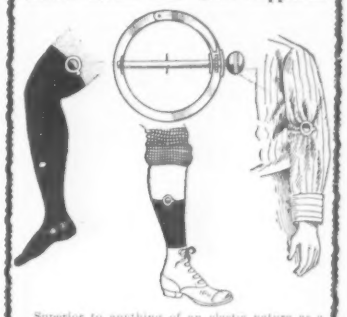

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爲

GENERAL CHAFFEE AND STAFF AT PEKIN, AND THE AMERICAN PROCLAMATION ISSUED IN CHINA

WITH OUR TROOPS IN CHINA

By ARTHUR C. JOHNSON, our Special Correspondent

PEKIN, CHINA, OCTOBER 10, 1900

AS A MEANS of temporarily governing the city of Pekin the allies have established "spheres of influence." To each power represented among the foreign troops which came to Pekin was allotted a certain section of the Tartar City and also a certain portion of the Southern, or Chinese, City. Under a general system of government planned in council the allies have gone ahead to rule Pekin until the emperor of China with the royal party comes back to reassume his duties, or until some further plan is devised.

It has been rather interesting to observe the different characteristics of the various dispositions. The Chinese seem to realize that the Germans have come to Pekin bent on avenging the death of their minister, and have accordingly, where they have been able, given the German districts a wide berth, and settled preferably in the American, Japanese or British "spheres." The Japanese are perhaps closer to the Chinese than any of the other powers for the reason that they have lived close to the country and made a study of the Chinese characteristics. And, too, they are able, many of them, to read and write the Chinese language. There has been a disposition on the part of the Japanese to treat the Chinamen kindly, even to paying rent on the various buildings occupied by the troops and officers. Nearly all the powers, save perhaps France, have laid down as their primary law to the people they rule that the streets shall be relieved of their filth and kept in a state of cleanliness. Why such an organization as a foreign army should concern itself about such a trivial matter as the removal of the time-honored filth of Pekin was at first hard for the Celestials to understand. They even thought it a joke. However a few flourishes of the sentry's bright bayonet soon taught them that the great powers were dead in earnest. Foreigners who have spent years in Pekin say it is a most sublime sight to them to see a Chinaman out in front of his door wielding a shovel or a broom. None but the scavengers ever turned a hand to ridding the streets of their filth before, and these scavengers only selected such matter as would be of use as compost.

Offenders in each district have been dealt with as the ruling power saw fit. Beating one's wife in the German districts at first brought down the sentence of fifty blows and later it was changed to several days' labor on the street. In the American district of the Southern City looting came to be considered the gravest of offences. Looting is the siege name for robbery. Two Chinamen were caught red-handed by the patrol while they were carting goods away from a house where they had no right to be. After being duly tried they were shot. Chinese robbers have since been extremely chary of committing depredations in this neighborhood. In districts ruled by certain other powers crimes of much less weight have been amenable by death, and a "Boxer," whether reformed or otherwise, generally stands a good show of being shot with little delay.

As a means of acquainting the people with what they are to expect proclamations have been issued. About the first one to appear was that issued by the provost-marshals of the two American districts. A copy is given herewith. After being carefully translated into Chinese these were put in the hands of native lithographers who put the characters into stone, and, for a dollar a copy, duly turned out huge printed sheets which were posted on various walls throughout the districts—perhaps pasted over the very proclamations which the Boxers issued last spring denouncing modern improvements and demanding that all "foreign devils" in China be driven out or killed.

As a result of a firm but generous policy, the Americans have come to be the most popular governors in the city. A few days ago a detachment of citizens of the Southern City, marching behind a gorgeously bedizened noisy Chinese band, repaired to the Temple of Agriculture, the American headquarters, and there, with much ceremony, presented General Chaffee and General Wilson each with a huge red silk canopy on which was set forth in gilt Chinese characters an account of the esteem in which the Americans were held. To love a man in China is to present him with one of these decorated canopies.

Aided by their advisory boards of prominent Chinese citizens, the respective provost-marshals are dispensing protection to the people who have come back to Pekin and their districts, and are enforcing their strange code of laws, chiefest of which are to keep the streets clean and not steal. Following is a translation of the American proclamation:

TRANSLATION OF AMERICAN PROCLAMATION IN CHINA

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
AMERICAN DISTRICT, CHINESE CITY

PEKIN, CHINA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1900

PURSUANT to the authority of Brigadier-General James H. Wilson, Commanding First Brigade China Relief Expedition, I, JOHN C. F. TILLSON, Captain Fourteenth U.S. Infantry, assumed the office of PROVOST-MARSHAL of the American District of the Chinese City on the 14th day of September, 1900, with full power of MAYOR and MAGISTRATE.

It is proper that the people of this district should know the duties and powers of this office, and the object of the Government of the United States in establishing it.

The United States desires to give good government to all

告示

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光緒二十六年 月 日

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3. LIEUTENANT J. R. LINDSAY
4. CAPTAIN GROVE HUTCHESON
5. CAPT. F. DE W. RAMSEY
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7. MAJOR C. H. MUIR
8. LIEUT.-COL. J. T. DICKMAN
9. GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE
10. MAJOR J. M. LEE
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寔貼

一現派步軍都司已拉爲總巡捕官由該任戶公捐所添設中國巡更等人亦於左眉上有白號布書美國巡更夫字樣

一又派中國佳南城著名官紳帮同本兵官辦事一係曾侯爺廣一係惲侍講學士鼎一係黃侍講學士思永一係山西礦務局賈紳景仁一係王直隸道雇於所用中國人民作工辦事者均須帮同隨時查察果否可靠以後欲速照中國平日管理各地方事宜應否用本國再設武官治理均可隨時相商

一各鋪家與住戶須每日晚於其門外按各巷所有該各人工食等費應由各巷段鋪家打掃中廁淘糞者須每日打掃不可間斷

一無論何人於晚九點鐘至早四點半鐘時如有中國人携帶槍支須即拏送公所

一中國人不准旨守無論何國兵丁所兼中國人民作工辦事者均須帮同隨時查察果否可靠以後欲速照中國平日管理各地方事宜

一除巡街兵丁帶有槍支外他人不准帶槍支

一無論何國兵丁不准進入本管轄地方其

保護不察分文茲設定章九條開列於後各

以期運進出城內買賣均行保護凡爾等所

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憑辦凡各人民均可任便生理惟買賣必須公

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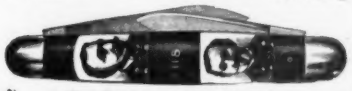

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who may come within its jurisdiction, foreigners and natives alike, with the most perfect security to life and property. This object must be attained by gentle means if possible; by severe and even terrible means if necessary.

For the attainment of this object it is required that every soldier and every citizen within this district shall obey the orders of the PROVOST-MARSHAL.

The immediate resumption of trade in all its branches is necessary to prevent the suffering of the poor, and possible famine. It is therefore ordered that all stores and shops shall open their doors and keep them open between the hours of 8 A.M. and 5 P.M.; and that all workmen shall resume their vocations. Protection of person and property is guaranteed to all peaceful and orderly persons alike, and without charge. The Government of the United States grants this protection to all within its jurisdiction, and especially to shopkeepers, and no individual letter of protection is necessary. The Government of the United States has not made any charge for this protection, and all parties who have attempted or may attempt to collect money therefor from the people are impostors, and, if reported to this office, will be severely dealt with. Every citizen has an equal right to trade, and no individual or company will be granted any commercial privileges not enjoyed by all. Fair and proper prices must be charged, and extortion will not be tolerated. Every soldier and every citizen is required to pay the dealer's price for an article, but in order to prevent extortion any charges will be promptly investigated, and, when guilt attaches, as promptly punished. All good citizens are urged at the office located in the Hu-nan Club, or at the office of Lieutenant Gohn, Fourteenth Infantry, located in the Hu-Kuang Club, or at the office of Lieutenant Faulkner, Eighth Infantry, located in the Cheng Huang Temple, to report every crime, misdemeanor or disturbance of peace or good order that may come under their observation. Interpreters will be found at each of these offices who can communicate with the Chinese.

The aid of all citizens is requested in this effort to restore trade, secure the blessings of peace, promote cleanliness and health, protect the good, help the poor, and to prevent crime and bring the criminals to punishment.

All farmers and gardeners are urged to harvest their crops, and are guaranteed protection for themselves and their property while travelling to and from the city. As a further protection to farmers and gardeners a market has been established at the camp of the United States Army at the Temple of Agriculture, where, without charge, they will be allowed to sell their produce, and will be protected while so engaged.

THE FOLLOWING REGULATIONS ARE ESTABLISHED:

Until further orders no soldiers of any nation will be allowed in the interior of this district unless accompanied by a commissioned officer.

No armed men will be allowed in the district except patrols and sentinels when actually on duty, when they will be distinguished by a brassart worn on the left arm bearing the words "U. S. Police."

Chinese found bearing arms will be arrested and brought to these headquarters for trial and punishment.

No Chinese will be allowed to wear any article of soldier's uniform.

No one will be allowed on the streets between the hours of 9 P.M. and 4.30 A.M., except by proper authority.

Shopkeepers and residents will, in accordance with custom, be required to keep a light in front of their shops and residences at night.

They will also thoroughly clean their premises and the streets adjoining every morning; and will turn out their mules, carts and coolies with baskets, to remove accumulations of garbage from the vicinity of their shops or residences every Sunday.

Scavengers will be encouraged to resume their work.

First-Lieutenant R. M. Brambila, Fourteenth Infantry, is announced as Superintendent of Police.

The Superintendent of Police is authorized to organize a force of native watchmen and lamplighters. The watchmen will be appointed upon the recommendation of the property owners or residents, whose property they are to protect, and will be paid by the property owners concerned such compensation as they may agree upon. They will be distinguished by a white brassart worn upon the left arm, bearing the words "U. S. Watchman."

An Honorary Advisory Board is appointed to consist of—The Earl Tseng; Professor Yuen Yu Sing, of the Hanlin College; Professor Huang Isu Yung, of the Hanlin College; Mr. Chia-Ching-Jen, Director of the Commercial Co. of Shanai; Mr. Wang Kuan Taotai, of Chihli.

This board will pass upon all nominations of natives to offices, and assist in matters referred to them in the early re-establishment of civil government under such military supervision as may be found necessary.

JOHN C. F. TILLSON,
Captain Fourteenth Infantry, Provost-Marshal.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY

WALTER CAMP

COLUMBIA vs. CARLISLE 17—6

COLUMBIA crowned her season of 1900 by administering a severe defeat to the Carlisle Indians before more than twelve thousand spectators. Sanford had his team in good shape and steady as rocks. The game was a good one, but there were many attendant features which detracted considerably from the pleasure and satisfaction of the audience. The first of these was the delay in beginning the game. Columbia will before long acquire the nickname of "moonlight players" unless her games are called earlier and there is less delay. Both in the Princeton and Indian games of this season the latter part of the game has been played in such darkness that neither players nor officials could follow with certainty the progress of the ball, and there is no question but that in either of these contests a concealed-ball play, such as Stagg's team were wont to work so well, would have been not only serviceable, but might very possibly have scored a touchdown.

Columbia had been looking for this game and went into it with avidity. The Indians had defeated them last year 45—0, and they meant to wipe out the sting of that defeat. The Indians hardly believed that a team which proved so easy for them last season could give them a close game, much less beat them, this year; hence it was that unusual interest centred about the contest and there was a great deal of speculation as to its result. Warner of Cornell has been coaching the Indians again this year, and he and Coach Sanford of Columbia were literally lined up against each other to settle a debatable issue as to Blue and White versus Maize and Red. Columbia exhibited a game at least fifty per cent better than the one she put up at the end of the season last year. Carlisle was not nearly as good, either in point of individual quality or team work, as the organization that appeared last year on Manhattan Field. These two conditions coinciding, brought about a victory for Columbia by a score of 17—6 as against a victory for the Indians last year by the score mentioned above.

Columbia started off aggressively the moment the game opened, which was only after a long discussion, first as to officials, secondly as to the legality of Carlisle's wing-shift, which they worked so effectively last year and which was frequently used against Harvard and Yale. Columbia, having won the toss, selected the east goal, from which there was a very considerable breeze blowing straight down the field. Wheelock kicked off for the Indians to Weekes, who ran it back nearly twenty yards, and, owing either to the excellence of Columbia's interference at this point or to the overeagerness of the Indian ends, it was Wheelock, the kicker, who eventually stopped him. Then Columbia sprang into the game with determination, energy and excellent generalship, hammering various points of the Indian line as well as taking an occasional dash around the end, until they had the ball past the middle of the field and on a fair way to a touchdown. Then, unfortunately, they fumbled, and the Indians had their turn.

CAPT. HARE, PENNSYLVANIA

It seems that the Indian team can always be counted upon for something startling in any game, and this was especially demonstrated at their very first onslaught upon Columbia. A good seventeen yards on an end play set the Indian partisans almost crazy with delight, but lack of judgment in selecting the point of attack for the next two downs brought their short-lived energy to an end and they were forced to kick. The ball went well down to Columbia's twenty-yard line. Here a discussion arose as to the ball and its quality, and the referee, Gordon Brown of Yale, changed it for a new one. Then Columbia went at the Indians again with added impetus, but Carlisle was holding hard and Morley was quickly forced to punt. The ball went to the Indians' forty-five yard line, and good following up by Columbia's end prevented Johnson from running it back. Here Columbia returned the compliment by putting up such a sturdy front as to force the Indians to a punt, which Weekes muffed; but, as the Indian ends were not down under it, he had time to fall on it. The Indians were too eager and got off-side and suffered the penalty of being pushed back ten yards by the umpire. A couple of gains were followed by another check, and it looked as if Columbia would be held for four downs; but a fake play, in which Weekes, well concealed behind his guard, got in a quick punt, gave the ball a chance to get well down the field unattached, an Indian finally falling on it not more than fifteen yards in front of the Carlisle goal.

Then the Indians went at it in deadly earnest, and had taken the ball out to the thirty-yard line when Columbia once more held them and they were forced to punt. Then came the prettiest play of the game. Morley was tried once between right guard and tackle, and this play was almost immediately followed by a dashing run on the part of the marvellous Weekes, who went around the Indians' left end with Wright, the big guard, as an interferer, and was clear away with nothing but Johnson, the Indian quarter, between him and a touchdown. The waiting Indian was cleanly dodged by Weekes, who went straight on over the goal line for the first score. This took a good deal of the heart out of the Indians, but they tried to recover themselves and for a time played fiercely, but their offensive game was manifestly weaker than Columbia's and their defence unable to hold the blue and white players. Occasionally they braced and seemed to gather their strength, but for the most part Columbia was able to push them and before long had run up another touchdown from which Bruce kicked a goal. Half of the first period of play was over; the score stood 11—0 for Columbia.

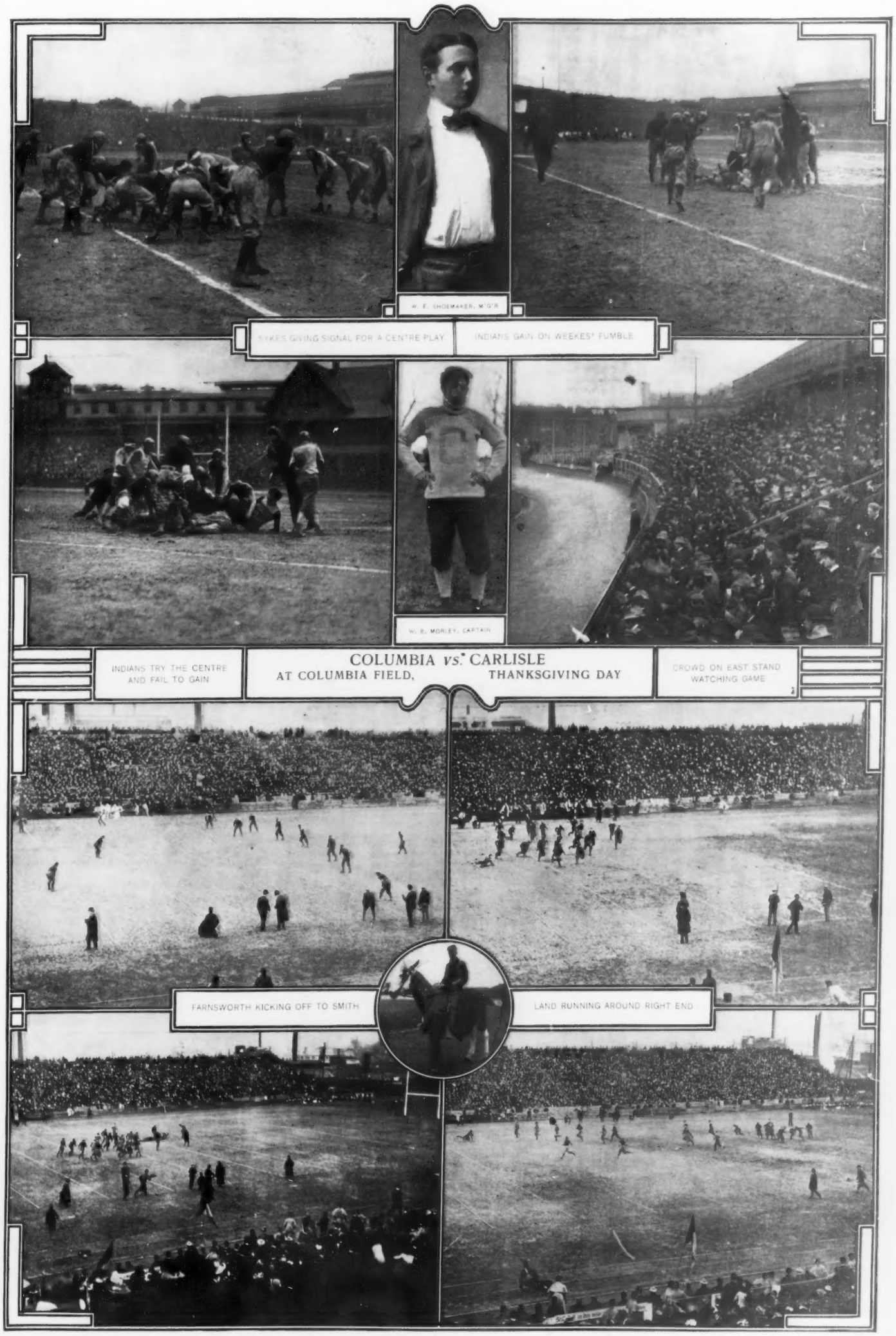
During the balance of the half the play was exciting, Weekes giving the best exhibition of running, well backed up by Morley and Berrien. The Indians tackled recklessly and did better work on the defence than they did with their own aggressive play. In the second half, Hawley Pierce, of the Indian team, was obliged to drop out and this made quite an appreciable difference to them, although both sides had tired themselves in the first half. The Indians fought hard for a score, and finally got the ball to Columbia's twelve-yard line by hammering the tackles repeatedly. Here, however, Bain, of the Indians, dropped the ball, and Columbia's adherents breathed freely once more. But just as every one thought the Indians' chance was gone, a bad pass and a fumble by Morley on a fake, which was to carry the ball around the Indians' right end, gave Bain something like a compensating pleasure; for he retrieved his own fumble by getting through and securing the ball and a touchdown for his side. Johnson kicked the goal, and the score stood 11—6. After that the game degenerated slowly as darkness came on, Columbia holding the game absolutely safe and eventually adding another six points by a touchdown and goal.

Columbia closes her season in far better shape than last year. Mr. Shoemaker's management and Sanford's coaching have evolved a schedule and team that has pleased New Yorkers with good games and a satisfactory record.

PENNSYLVANIA vs. CORNELL 27—0

Pennsylvania, just as last year, wound up her season by romping over Cornell and pushing the ball up and down the field about as they pleased. There was no excitement about it at any time in the game, save perhaps as to the question whether Cornell, with some of her clever plays, might not be able to score. It was absolutely certain that their defence was wholly insufficient to cope with Pennsylvania's rushing game. Cornell, even with a varied offensive game, seemed unable to exercise sufficiently clever generalship to render the plays most effective. These plays were good enough to have enabled Cornell with certainty to have made more advances and possibly to have scored. Once they did get the ball over Pennsylvania's line, but, unfortunately for them, a Pennsylvanian had committed the sin of being off-side just upon that occasion and Umpire Dashiell whistled away their only

CAPT. STARBUCK, CORNELL



SYKES GIVING SIGNAL FOR A CENTRE PLAY

W. E. SHOEMAKER, M'G'R

INDIANS GAIN ON WEEKES' FUMBLE

W. B. MORLEY, CAPTAIN

INDIANS TRY THE CENTRE AND FAIL TO GAIN

COLUMBIA *vs.* CARLISLE
AT COLUMBIA FIELD, THANKSGIVING DAY

CROWD ON EAST STAND WATCHING GAME

FARNSWORTH KICKING OFF TO SMITH

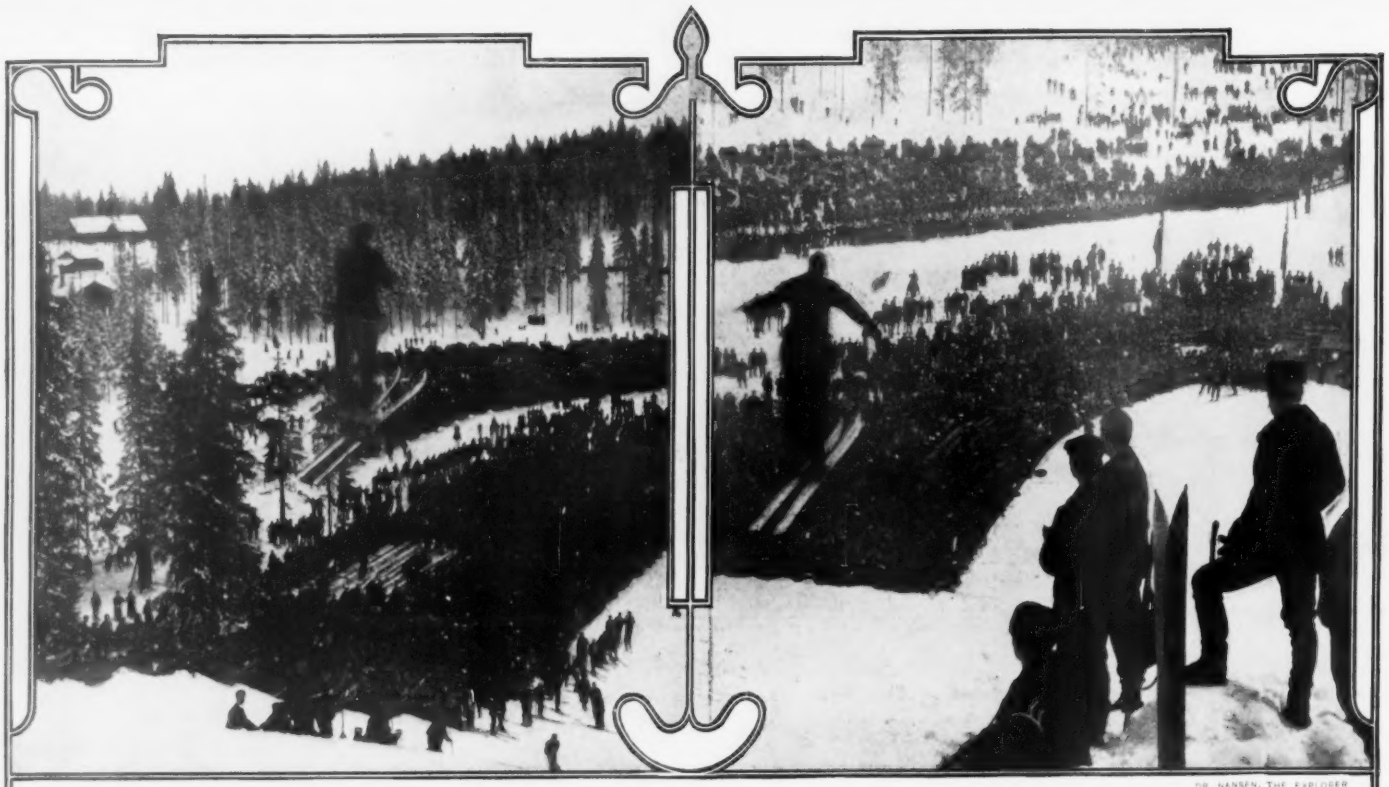
LAND RUNNING AROUND RIGHT END

BLOCKING BELKNAP'S PUNT

THE ARMY MULE, WEST POINT'S MASCOT

FARNSWORTH PUNTS FOR WEST POINT

ANNAPOLIS *vs.* WEST POINT ON FRANKLIN FIELD, DECEMBER 1



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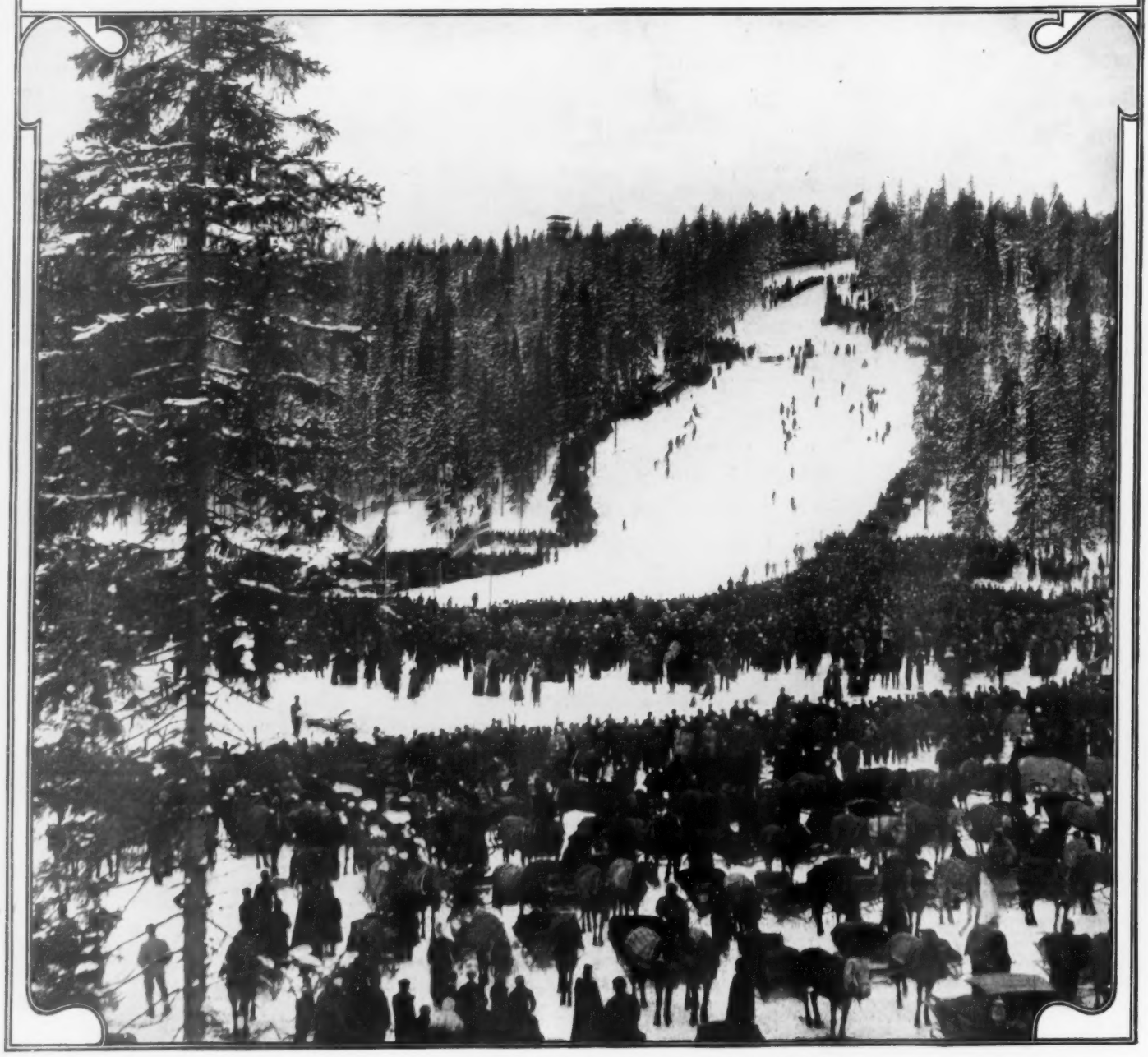

SOME WONDERFUL FEATS AT THE ANNUAL SKI TOURNAMENT AT HOLMENKOLLEN, CHRISTIANIA

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(SEE PAGE 21)

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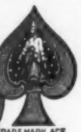

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chance. Cornell was unable to make ground with any consistency save at Pennsylvania's ends and on one or two trick plays, but these plays seemed entire mysteries to Pennsylvania, and as soon as Cornell attacked the ends with them they made big gains. The crowd was a glorious one and deserved more excitement than they got. There was seldom any chance for enthusiasm by Pennsylvania. Their play steadily gained ground and the results could readily be foreseen. Cornell furnished all the excitement there was, save when, at the very end of the game, Potter of Pennsylvania, on a trick play, made a pretty run of half the length of the field down the south side line. Cornell lost her captain, Starbuck, within the first five minutes, but his substitute, Schoelkopf, put up an excellent game. Pennsylvania lost McCracken, but not until late in the second half. Twenty-five thousand people saw the game, and the final score was 27—0 in Pennsylvania's favor.

LAFAYETTE *vs.* DICKINSON 10—6

Lafayette found one of their most exciting experiences in endeavoring to defeat Dickinson on Thanksgiving Day. The game was played at Easton, and was sensational from start to finish. Dickinson scored first, when Lafayette, being held for a third down, tried a field goal from very near the middle of the field. Dickinson blocked the kick, and Shaffer, their right half-back, got the ball and ran straight down the field for a touchdown. Lafayette could not overcome this lead during the first half, and in the second Dickinson seemed by punting quite able to hold the home team well away from their goal. After a severe struggle Lafayette got the ball up to Dickinson's thirty-yard line, and Cure, that clever kicker, sent the ball squarely between the posts for a goal, making the score 6—5, but still in Dickinson's favor. Then Lafayette set about getting a touchdown in earnest, and they fought their way up to the Dickinson goal by sheer force and determination, but the time was flying fast and there were but two minutes left to play. With the ball only a yard from the Dickinson goal, Lafayette lost it either by a fumble or the cleverness of a Dickinson player, and it looked as though Lafayette's last chance was gone, but in this desperate dilemma Cure got another place-kick from the forty-five yard line and once more sent the leather sphere over for a victory (10—6) such as a team seldom secures.

STANFORD *vs.* CALIFORNIA 5—0

Nearly twenty thousand people saw the big match of the Pacific Slope at San Francisco on Thanksgiving Day between Stanford and the University of California. The game was bitterly contested from start to finish. Twice in the first half California worked the ball up almost within scoring distance, but on the first occasion an off-side play cost them such distance as they could not make up, and on the second the time limit of the first half had so nearly expired they tried a drop kick. Here, again, fortune was against them, for the Stanford line broke through and blocked the kick. In the second half Stanford seemed to realize the imperative necessity of the situation. Twice they forced the ball within kicking distance, but upon one occasion the Berkeley end broke through and blocked the kick and on the other the ball was wide of the post. Finally, with less than five minutes to play, Stanford forced the ball up once more to California's

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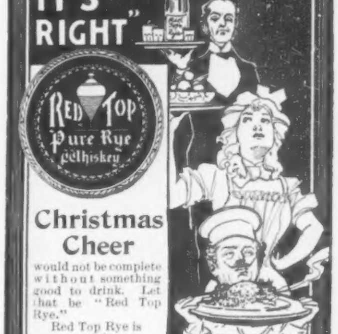

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Boston, 113 Summer St.; Providence, 220 Westminster St.; New York, 115 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway, 125th St. and 7th Ave.; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway; Baltimore, 219 East Baltimore St.; Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., Chestnut and 8th Sts.; Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn. Ave.; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.; Buffalo, 362 Main St.; Cincinnati, 13-15 Fountain Sq.; St. Louis, 618 Olive St.; Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.; Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.; Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.; Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave. Factory, Whitman, Mass.

Delivered through our Mail Order Departments, carriage charges prepaid, on receipt of $3.75 per pair, to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany, also within the limits of the parcel post system.

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Mail Order Departments
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WOMEN'S REGAL SHOES AT $3.50

are now made in all the leading styles and may be obtained in our women's stores, 109 Summer St., Boston, and 1218 Market St., Philadelphia, and 125th St. and 7th Ave., N. Y., or will be sent prepaid from our Boston Mail Order Department direct to any address on receipt of $3.75 per pair.
Our Catalogue **Y** illustrates and describes our complete line of WOMEN'S SHOES.

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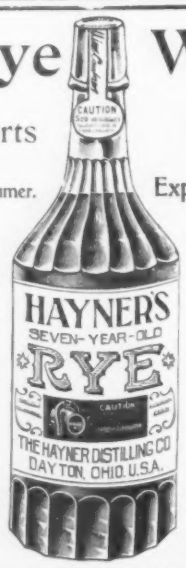
Pure Rye Whiskey

4 Full Quarts for $3.20

Direct from Distiller to Consumer. Express Charges Prepaid,



Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure Whiskey, our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 33 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using **Hayner's** Whiskey, which is an evidence of **true merit.** We give you absolutely **pure** Whiskey at the lowest possible cost. Such Whiskey as we offer for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

References—State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton, or any of the Express Companies.

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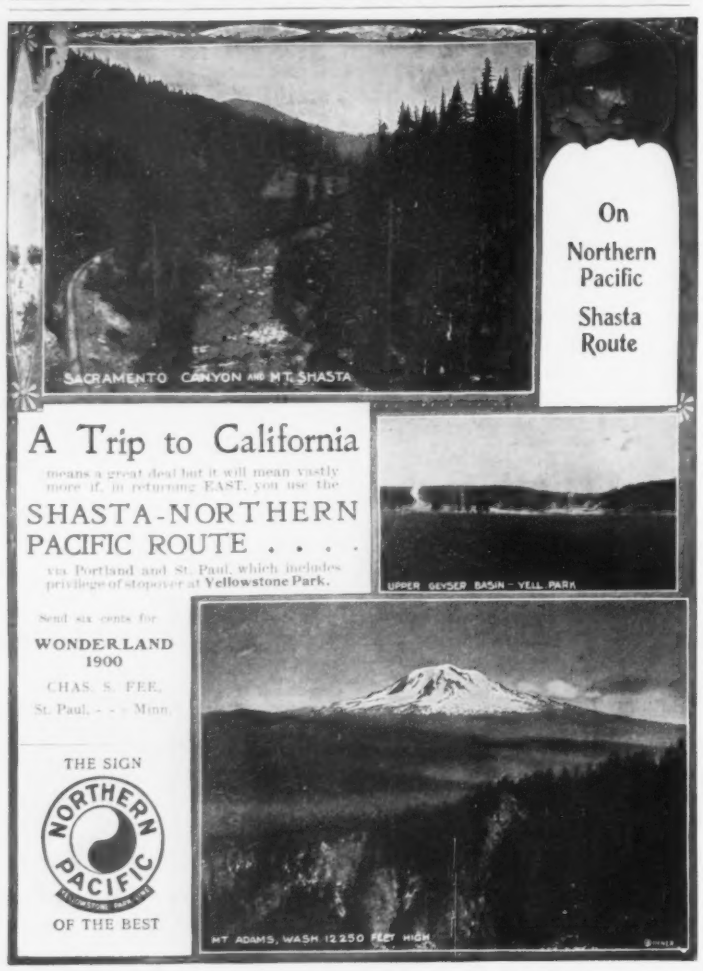
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO. 226-232 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio. 305-307 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.



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via Portland and St. Paul, which includes privilege of stopover at **Yellowstone Park.**

Send six cents for

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THE SIGN OF THE BEST

EASILY EARNED. No Money Required. Samples FREE.

You can earn this splendid Couch, 76x28 in., extra large, upholstered in three colored figured velours, tapestry or corduroy, best steel springs, deeply tufted, very heavy fringe, worth $13 in any retail store, by selling only $13 worth of our High Grade Toilet Soaps or Perfumes among your friends and neighbors at 25c per box or bottle. **We trust you for the Soap and Perfume.** Our handsome illustrated Catalogue showing 150 other valuable premiums including Bicycles, Watches, Cameras, Guitars, Rockers, Silverware, Tea Sets, etc. **Sent Free**

Don't miss this wonderful offer. Write today.

BULLOCK, WARD & CO., 224-232 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Big Dress Goods Offer.

For $2.50 we furnish a Full Dress Pattern of seven yards of genuine Norton Fancy Black Mercerized Crepon Dress Goods, regular value, $5.00.

Send no Money Mention this paper (No. 147K) and we will send you a big full dress pattern of seven yards of this fine, new style dress goods by express **C. O. D., subject to examination.** You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than $5.00, **a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price,** pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section, **$2.50** then pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE** and express charges. The express charges will average from 25 to 50 cents

If more than seven yards are wanted, 36 cents per yard extra.

This is a Genuine Norton Black Mercerized Crepon dress goods, an elegant, strictly up-to-date fabric for suits or skirts, good weight for winter wear, a **firm cloth we can guarantee for service, fancy raised crepon effect, goods that we have bought direct from one of the largest mills under a positive guarantee for quality.**

Our Special $2.50 Price for seven yards of this 40-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on the actual cost to produce, **IS LESS THAN DEALERS CAN BUY IN 100-PIECE LOTS,** is such value as was never before offered by any house. **We make this here to fore unheard of offer of $2.50 for a full 7-yard dress pattern to advertise our Dress Goods Department, and get people everywhere to send for catalogue.** WRITE FOR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE. **ORDER TODAY! DON'T DELAY! WHEN THESE GOODS ARE GONE THEY NEVER AGAIN CAN BE OFFERED AT THE PRICE.**

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

ANNAPOLIS 10, WEST POINT 11—7

That there is such a thing as developing the dash and spirit of a team up to the "cracking" point the annual contest between the lads of the Army and Navy invariably demonstrates. When these two teams march out on to Franklin Field it is safe to say that not one of those twenty-two players would hesitate the veriest shadow of an instant to cast himself head first into any obstruction that stood between him and the opponents' goal. Every run and every tackle shows this. The courage is absolutely reckless, sometimes simply wild in its abandon. All this gives the play a different character from that of any other contest of the year. There is no lack of courage and spirit in the college matches, but there is a more machine-like calculation of chances. The Cadets are keyed up to such a pitch that when the play is actually on they will fight for an inch or tackle a locomotive, but to hold the ball is next door to an impossibility. Their fingers must feel like bludgeons, and they use them so, while the men who do the kicking behind the lines apparently see more than one ball on the pass and never see the opposing linemen at all. But it is great fun for the spectators. The ball rolls around on the ground or flies back over the head of the kicker into the broad expanse of unoccupied territory, where not even a sentinel stands, and then a dozen men go flying after it, any one of whom may get to glory by one great act.

All laws—or, rather, all traditions—of football are liable to be broken at an Army and Navy game. For instance, there is a tradition that when the ball is rolling along the ground wholly unattached, and the first player going toward it is headed for his opponents' goal, he should always kick the ball along rather than attempt to fall upon it until or unless it is within immediate striking distance of the goal line, say within five yards. The case came up in the Annapolis-West Point game in a most striking form; for Farnsworth, having blocked the kick, might have kept kicking the ball along to a practically certain greater gain, and possibly a score, but fell on it at midfield. But he fell on it well, and it led to a score, so everybody forgave him. Another smashing of tradition occurred in West Point's generalship in the second half. When a team has a lead and the opponents are outpunting them all canons say let that team always stick to a running game to the very limit, using up every down save the last before resorting to a kick. West Point, with Belknap of Annapolis outpunting their man on almost every interchange, actually gaining sometimes fifteen yards, would punt frequently on first down and almost invariably on second down.

But it was not the Army alone that made the hair of their coaches turn gray. When a man can drop-kick just about as well from the forty-yard line as from the twenty, and he has had his kicks blocked, it is usual for him, on his tries for goal, to get back a yard or two further when he has the goal almost directly under his nose. But the Navy drop-kicker, Long, kept on giving his friends, his coaches and even his line periodic attacks of heart disease by getting within easy reaching distance of West Point's linemen, especially tackle, on almost all his drops, which were some seven in number, if I remember rightly.

But these were errors of judgment and were more than made up in interest by the way in which each team and each individual went at times to the very limit. West Point was outkicked, and for the greater part of the playing time the Annapolis attack was the better, both in variety and execution. West Point, however, would have moments of almost superhuman dash, when they seemed unstoppable. It was this sudden, united gathering of every energy that enabled them to hold the Navy to such a close score.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

More and more are our colleges and athletic clubs realizing the virtues of cross-country running. Teams are now kept in training through the fall and well into winter, and many a promising track athlete is turned out from the cross-country squad. It is far better general training than the special distances or the regular track work, and in this country particularly we need to develop the distance runner and build up the more rugged staying qualities for which our British cousins are so noted. The Intercollegiate Cross-Country Championship run at Morris Park, December 1, turned out a very fair field of entries, and although there was no one among them who could break or even reach Cregan's record of last year, that veteran, Alex. Grant of Pennsylvania, covered the course of 6 miles 240 feet in 34 minutes 17 seconds. Gallagher of Cornell clung to him like a leech, and it was not until the last mile that the Pennsylvanian could pull clear. As it was, he had but thirty yards or so to the good when he crossed the finish line. Cornell won the team championship, with Yale and Pennsylvania tied for second, Columbia fourth and Princeton last. There was a total of forty-four jumps in the course.

WALTER CAMP.

TO THE MAN WHO WEARS A HAT

YOUR HAT Causes This

All men who wear a hat must expect to suffer from **Dandruff, Falling Hair** and **Baldness,** even if they are not already victims. The hat confines the air around the head until it becomes foul and impure, and breeds germs, which are the sole cause of Dandruff, Baldness and other hair troubles.

Baldness-Bringing Dandruff may be Cured.

Sometimes ordinary men make greater discoveries than physicians. Pasteur, who invented the great cure for consumption, was not a doctor, but a business man. A truly clever business man has discovered **the Only Cure for all Hair Troubles—**

The cure by *nature's process,* not by nasty hair washes, lotions and worthless liquids, but *nature's process,* which absolutely *cures* every trace of *dandruff,* no matter how severe, in 30 days and which will positively make it *impossible* for any one *to become bald.*

President McKinley; Hon. W. J. Bryan; Gov. Richards; Admirals Sampson and Schley, the celebrated Dr. W. C. Walker of Detroit, and thousands of well-known and thinking men everywhere use this method of curing dandruff and preventing baldness

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL

On receipt of your name and address, will be mailed prepaid full information and sample of this wonderful treatment and how you can absolutely prevent baldness and cure Dandruff and Falling Hair. Write at once, addressing

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If you possess a fair education why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

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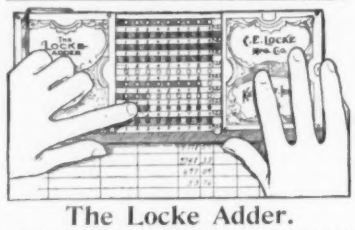

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Wanted, investors large and small to go in with an experienced Oil Man leasing, developing and buying partly developed Oil lands. This is a "Poor Man's" *first profit* sharing proposition. For particulars write

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$2.95 SEND NO MONEY.

Send to us, mentioning *Collier's Weekly,* stating your height, weight, number of inches around body at waist and bust, length of skirt in front from waist to bottom, and we will send you **Our New, Perfect Fitting WATERPROOF SKIRT AND CAPE** by express, **C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on** at your express office, and if found the most stylish waterproof suit you ever saw, the equal of anything you could have made at three times our price, **superior to waterproof suits that sell generally at $6.00 to $10.00, then** pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE FOR THE COMPLETE SKIRT AND CAPE, $2.95** and express charges. **THESE SUITS are made from an extra quality waterproof cashmere mackintosh cloth,** in black or navy blue, lined with extra quality plaid waterproof lining.

Cape is lined with an extra quality waterproof lining, made with double cape, velvet collar, extra well finished throughout. **Skirt—Latest style, adjustable at waist, buttons down either side, extra quality plaid waterproof lining.** Sizes to fit a waist from 22 to 30 inches. Buttons concealed by deep fly. Can be worn in place of or over an ordinary skirt. **A $2.95 fashionable suit for rainy, nasty and sloppy weather** such as was never before offered. Cape only, **$1.50; skirt only, $1.50. For free cloth samples of everything in mackintoshes, write for sample book No. 33K. Address,**

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This is the keynote of Dr. Berry's treatise on the

Cure of Constipation

by natural methods. Purgatives injure. Let nature cure you. Send $1 for book, illustrated from photographic plates, describing simple course of home treatment. No drugs or apparatus to buy. Write for further information and free circular.

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movement. Ladies or Gents size. **WARRANTED 20 YEARS. 14K.** Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer for next 60 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent **$5.85** and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again.

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Nothing eatable or drinkable ever attains lasting popularity without the intrinsic merit of refined quality.

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Always Pure Old Mellow

has made it the most popular whiskey, because it is the purest type of the purest.

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.
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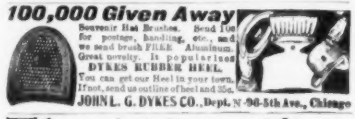
100,000 Given Away



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The Attractive

appearance of an article of food has much to do with its success.

Cook's Flaked Rice

is bright, white, clear and clean. The dainty flakes please at sight, and the ease with which the rice is prepared for the table enhances the pleasant impression. Put the dry flakes in a colander, pour *salted* boiling water over them, drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish.

Absolutely No Cooking.

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We will tell you how to reduce your weight, safely, quickly and permanently. Any one can make remedy at home. Sample box, etc., sent securely sealed in plain wrapper for 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc. No starving. No sickness.
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IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

and drugs and doctors fail to cure you write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy, which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy that you can test without spending a cent. It recently cured a lady who had been an invalid for 52 years. Address
JOHN A. SMITH. 628 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis

MADAME SANS-GENE AS DOCTOR

ONCE Marshal LeFebvre fell ill of an ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured, but the fever clung to the marshal until it occurred to his energetic duchess that the doctor had blundered *like an ass*, by giving the marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted upon her fingers the different rings of the military ladder. "Here, drink this, this is suited to your grade," she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips. And the duke, having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "You've a great deal to learn, my boy," was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.

SYMPATHY

PROFESSOR (to farmer's wife): "Yes, my good woman, the night lasts six months at the North Pole."

Farmer's Wife: "You don't say so! The poor night-watchman."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

THE VICTIM

A WELL-DRESSED man was sauntering along one afternoon about four o'clock, when a pack of newsboys rushed past him, shrieking at the top of their lungs:

"Extry! All about the terrible accident! Number of victims! Extry!"

The well-dressed man hesitated, then, curiosity triumphing, he produced a nickel—"Give me a paper, sonny," he said to one of the boys, "tho' I suppose it's a fake, and there isn't a victim."

"Dere's one enyways, and dat's you," retorted the Diogenes of the pavement, dashing after his comrades.—*L'Illustration.*

ARTISTIC PRIDE

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: "Why haven't you exhibited anything this year?"

Artist: "I refused all their offers—I simply can't sell myself to any one."

Friend: "Hum! Something like your pictures!"—*Journal Amüsant.*

A LITTLE TRUANT

FREDDY'S tooth needed to be pulled, so his mother took him to the dentist one Sunday that he might not miss his school hours during the week. Observing the dentist's sign, which read, "Hours ten to four daily. Sundays only in imperative cases," the boy turned reproachfully to his mother:

"But, mamma, I'm not an imperative case."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A GOOD REFERENCE

LADY (to departing servant): "What do you want me to say in your reference?"

Servant: "Just that I stood it for six months with you, mem—that'll answer very well."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

MILITARY ADAPTABILITY

LIEUTENANT: "Ah, Miss Oldyear, you should command a regiment."

Miss Oldyear: "Why?"

Lieutenant: "Because you can even call a halt on Father Time."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

REPARTEE

A LITTLE bootblack swung himself up behind a cab one morning. The occupant turned toward him and said, laughingly:

"Here, you'll have to pay half the fare."

"All right, sir," replied the youngster, dropping down, "just send me the bill, please."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

CHILDREN SHOWED IT.

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of my excessive nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'we drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"Just a little thought convinced me that one should not take a stimulant such as coffee, but really should have the best food to nourish the brain and nerves, and that nourishment was found in Postum.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich, delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."—F. Scott, Warrensburg, Mo.

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THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER

By Edward Eggleston

This novel from its first appearance in serial form has enjoyed an undiminished popularity. It has been rendered into German, French, Danish and Russian. In England Editions of 10,000 copies have been printed. In short it is one of the few books destined to rank as classics. The contents are as follows:

A Private Lesson from a Bull-dog.
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The Struggle in the Dark.
Has God Forgotten Shocky?
The Devil of Science.
Miss Martha Hawkins.
The Hardshell Preacher.
A Struggle for the Mastery.
A Crisis with Bud.
Church of the Best Licks.
The Church Militant.
A Council of War.
Odds and Ends.
Face to Face.
God Remembers Shocky.
Miss Nancy Sawyer.
Pancakes.
A Charitable Institution.
A Good Samaritan.
Bud Wooing.
A Letter and its Consequences.
A Loss and a Gain.
The Flight. The Trial.
"Brother Sodom."
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Into the Light.
"How it Came Out."

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THE CENSUS OF 1900.

A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the Passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

50 BULBS 25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Jonquils, Daffodils, Dewey Lily, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Chinese Lily, Begonia, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley—all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. A premium with these Bulbs we will send FREE a giant collection of flower seeds—over 200 varieties. Address Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"—*Puck.*

to pay $40 to $60 for a Steel Range that does not cost over $12 at the Factory to build, the difference being profits and expenses of an Army of middlemen. **Such folly** no longer necessary, as we offer our

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at one-half agents' prices. **Guaranteed** for 5 years. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Send for Big Free Catalogue of **Sewing Machines, Buggies at Old Prices, Harness, Lawn Swings $3.75,** and **1000 other things at half dealers' prices.** Reference this paper. Have your bank look us up. Address

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A REMARKABLE INVENTION

BY AN OHIOAN

A prominent business man of Cincinnati has invented a new Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman and child who has used it; and as many readers may not know of its real comfort and blessings, it is illustrated in this issue.

This Cabinet is an air-tight, rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and, with only the head outside, enjoys all the cleansing,

curative, beautifying and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot Vapor or Medicated Bath at home, for 3 cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any way weakening the system. These baths have truly marvellous powers, far superior to soap and water; celebrated for producing glowing faces, fair skin, bright eyes, elastic figures and perfect health to all men and women who make them a weekly habit, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat-pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the system all the impure salts, acids and poisonous matter of the blood, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing colds, fevers, disease, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems that the long-sought-for method of securing a clear skin, a good complexion, of retaining good health, curing and preventing disease without drugs, has certainly been found.

The makers state that more than 600,000 of these Cabinets have been sold, and show letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving perfect satisfaction.

A. B. Stockham, M.D., of Chicago, editor of "Tokology," recommends it highly, as also does Congressmen John J. Lentz, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Rev. C. M. Keith, editor "Holiness Advocate"; Mrs. Senator Douglas, Rev. James Thoms, Ph.D., pastor First Baptist Church, Centerville, Mich.; Rev. J. C. Richardson, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kansas; John T. Brown, editor "Christian Guide," and thousands of others.

Ira L. Gleason, prominent citizen of Hutchinson, cured himself of rheumatism and his friends of colds, pneumonia, fevers, grippe, blood, skin and kidney diseases, and made $2,500 selling this Cabinet in a little more than 12 months. Mrs. Anna Woodrum, of Thurman, Iowa, afflicted 10 years, was promptly cured of nervous prostration, stomach and female troubles, after medicines and doctors failed. She recommends it to every woman as a God-sent blessing. O. C. Smith, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, was cured of bad case of catarrh and asthma, and says: "It was worth $1,000 to me. Have sold several hundred cabinets; every one delighted." O. P. Freeman, an aged railroad man, afflicted 17 years, unable at times to walk, was cured of kidney troubles, piles and rheumatism. Thousands of others write praising this Cabinet, so there is absolutely no doubt of it being a device that every reader should have in their home.

This invention is known as the new 1903 style, Quaker Folding Vapor Bath Cabinet, and after investigation it can be said that it is well, durably and handsomely made of best material throughout, has all the latest improvements, will last a lifetime, and is so simple to operate that even a child could do it safely. It folds flat in one inch space when not in use; can be easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW

that the makers guarantee results and assert positively (as do thousands of users) that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood, cure nervousness, weakness, that "tired feeling," and the worst forms of rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures Women's Troubles, Neuralgia, Malaria, Sleeplessness, Gout, Sciatica, Headaches, Piles, Dropsy, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles and Blood Diseases.

It cures the worst Cold in one night and breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Tonsilitis, and is really a household necessity, a blessing to every family. To please the ladies a Head and Face Steaming Attachment is furnished if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for skin diseases, Catarrh and Asthma.

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